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# PICTURESQUE SPAIN

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LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

BY

K U R T H I E L S C H E R

NEW YORK · BRENTANO'S PUBLISHERS

PRINTED IN GERMANY







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TO  
HIS MAJESTY KING ALFONSO XIII.  
OF  
SPAIN







PICTURESQUE SPAIN



PRINTED IN GERMANY BY ERNST WASMUTH LTD., BERLIN

Spain is one great open-air museum containing the cultural wealth of the most varied epochs and peoples. On the walls of the Altamari cave is blazoned that much admired steer painted thousands of years ago by men of the Ice Age. In Barcelona stand the fantastic buildings of neo-Castilian present-day art. Celts, Iberians, Romans, Carthaginians, Moors and Goths have fought and struggled for supremacy in Spain. Of all this the stones tell us to-day. They are the chronicles. They relate of bitter strife; of the culture and art aspirations belonging to times gone by. Much has vanished into dust and ruin. That which has survived time's fretting tooth serves as a giant bridge to lead us back to the past.

Fate was kind enough to let me spend five years in Spain. Caught there by the war while engaged in studies, I was cut off from home. I made use of my involuntary stay to become acquainted with the country in its furthestmost corners. I roved to and fro from the pinnacles of the Pyrenees to the shores of Tarifa, from the palm forest of Elché to the forgotten Hurdes inhabitants of Estremadura.

On all my lonely wanderings I was accompanied by my faithful camera: we covered over 45000 kilometres together in Spain. We kept our eyes open diligently. I say we, for in addition to mine was a precious glass eye in the shape of the Zeiss lens. Whereas my eyes only made me the intellectual recipient of what we saw, that of my travelling companion made it a pictorial permanency. I took over 2000 photographs during our peregrinations. This volume only presents a small selection. It was not easy to make the final choice. Many a picture had to be omitted to which I was attached, either for its peculiarity or its character.

I went at no one's instigation through Spain but that of my own in search of the beautiful. I was not guided by any constraining professional principles. Beautiful art treasures, geographical peculiarities, enchanting landscapes, interesting customs that attracted my attention were retained by my camera. I followed the same lines in making my selections for publication.

I entitle this volume "Picturesque Spain". Much will be unknown to many. I begin however with a spot famous throughout the world. — And yet I was bound to. Like the pilgrim who is drawn to the fabled Fontana Trevi once he has drunk of its waters, so too was I drawn again and again to Granada in my wanderings. I believe too that I have succeeded in presenting the Alhambra from one or two different points of view. Who indeed could exhaust this well of beauty?

Nor could I pass heedlessly by Cordoba, Seville and Toledo, for these towns are starting points. — Finger-posts to unknown Spain. Without these monuments of ancient times, those parts of Spain situate far from the high-roads remain an almost insolvable riddle.

My pictures must speak for me. Those who know how to ask them will find that they tell much. For this reason I shall limit myself to but a few initiatory words. They serve to connect the known with the unknown; to throw light on the paths along which I journeyed in Spain.





Granada! Thy name is music; a joyous chord of beauty! To pass the spring within thy gateways is to walk the heights of life.

Spring has cast a shower of blossoms over the town and woven a delicate green carpet around the Alhambra. How many many centuries has it not worshipped thus yearly at the feet of the castle? Long ago passionate Moorish women decorated their raven hair there with rosy almond blossoms. — It is long since that the glory of those days has departed. Perhaps this is why the castle walls look down so sadly at the beauty of this blissful vernal soil.

Bidding defiance in the grandeur of their strength the towers of the Alhambra arise. Their fiery red lights skywards like the flames on giant altars.\*)

Is it possible that these massive cyclopean walls should hide a fairy-land?

Impatiently we climb the castle mount. Reaching an old stone gateway ornamented with pomegranates, the noise of the streets is left behind as we enter a yew grove whose ancient giant stems are ivy-grown; blue myrtle covers the ground, the lights gleam golden through the foliage, the wind murmurs among the branches, nightingales sing in the bosage, swallows dart twittering over the tree tops, water hurries babbling down the hilly slope.

All this seems like a miracle in Spain so poor in forests. It is as though another world had opened its gates.

The great Gate of Judgment is passed, and an inconspicuous door leads to the Court of the Myrtles. Here one feels surrounded by the spirit of the Orient. Delicate jasper and alabaster columns support the airy arches which are swung like lace veils from arcade to arcade. The emerald-green waters of the fountain gaze dreamily skywards and at all the bright beauty of the scene.

Then there is the Court of the Lions, subject of so many songs, with the filigreed architecture of its covered walks. Enchanting in its delicate tracery and beauty, it is a fairy-tale, a poem in stone, infinitely rhythmic with music. And indeed, music is the only language that can render such beauty.

The magnificent halls are full of a wealth of ornamentation. The walls are rainbow-like with the colours of Persian carpets and Cashmere shawls. Arabic inscriptions are scrolled along these labyrinths of colour, praising in exalted words the mystic beauty of the halls. One runs joyously: "God has filled me with such a plenitude of beauty that even the stars stay in their course enchanted to gaze on me."

Once beautiful sultanas looked out from the "Seat of Admiration" (as the Arabs called that jewel of the Alhambra, the Mirador de Daraca,) into the pretty garden filled with the heavy scent of roses, jasmines and oleanders. A swaying mass of tangled climbing plants are festooned from laurel to cypress, and from cypress to orange-tree. In the middle there is a marvellously delicate fountain basin from the edges of which the water slides and drips with tuneful sound as if it fain would tell of long forgotten beauteous days.

We leave the glittering fairy-palace full of memories of the Arabian Nights, and our lips whisper the wish of the Arabic poem writ over a little niche:

"May Heaven's blessings rest upon these castle halls

As long as pilgrims wend their way to Mecca's walls!"

Nay, as long as clouds sail the skies, and seekers after beauty rove on earth!

This is the mood one is in when climbing further up the mountain to the Moorish summer palace, the Generalife.

We are met, as it were, and shown the way by a double row of slim black-green cypress — dark trees of silence.

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\*) Vide pictures 1—22, 25. Bracketed figures in the text refer to the respective views.

The Generalife is enthroned far up on the heights, and embedded in terrace-shaped gardens.

The gardens! In them nature has enfolded all her abounding wealth of colour. Crimson-ramblers, wistarias, vines and ivy smother the walls. Mangolias, oleanders, almond trees, laurels, cypresses, araucarias, olive trees, agaves, palms and mimosa vie with one another for precedence. Flaming pomegranate blossoms, blood-red roses, violet mallows, blue fleurs-de-lis, white jasmine, yellow narcissi, and golden oranges in dark green foliage are a riot of colour. Ball shaped myrtles surround the little fountain, listening to the babbling of its silver waters, and in the twigs the song of birds greeting nature in her holiday garments.

Wondrous peace broods o'er this land. Through trees and halls and wall arches there is a magnificent view of the Alhambra and the multi-coloured houses of the town at its feet, and further on to the picturesque Albaicin, and over cactus-grown Sacromonte with its gypsy cave-dwellings, and still further to the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. Another glance shows the fertile plains of the Vega through which the clear waters of the Genil flow.

However full of radiant happiness the day may have been, it is outshone by the sinking sun casting a golden halo over the country-side. The walls of the Alhambra, once so fiercely fought for, stand forth as though dipped in blood. The distant mountains glitter golden-bronze, and the snowy sides of the Sierra Nevada scintillate in flames. Slowly the fair fires die down, and a chill spectral white falls upon the snow summits. The eventide is there and with it the stars.

The Spaniards have coined a proud sentence: "Quien no ha visto Granada, no ha visto nada!" He who has not seen Granada has seen nought! And I should like to add: He who has seen Granada and the Alhambra on sunny spring days, bears with him a talisman to ward off sorrows in dull days, and can never be completely unhappy again in life.



**The Mosque, Cordova.** A nation set forth to convert the world to its faith. Its battle-cry in this holy war was Allah! Victory after victory was gained, till finally the triumphal march of fanaticism was stopped by the opposing faith of its religious adversaries. The waves receded, and the Cross triumphed over the Crescent. This struggle of two faiths and two continents left indelible marks on the fields of battle.

These wars had been carried on in the name of God. Sacred edifices were erected to the victor. On the ruins of the mosque arose the most beautiful cathedral in the world as token of victory. Spain never would have received the impress she bears to-day without those bitter religious wars.

Cordova was the jewel among Moorish occidental towns, destined to outshine the sister cities Damascus and Bagdad in the far Orient. It was here that all the wealth and pomp of Moorish domination was displayed. Cordova's population exceeded a million souls. It was the seat of Arabic art and profound learning; the centre of religious life. The muezzin called the faithful to prayers from 3000 minarets. Cordova became a new Mecca which drew crowds of pilgrims from the East to the West.

What has now become of this metropolis? A shadow! Wandering through narrow streets of the town one seems to be in Cordova of a thousand years ago. The old cobbled pavements are probably the same, the houses too, behind whose trellised windows the harem was hidden. The old crooked, narrow and confused mass of streets are still there. Once in a while a palm is seen leaning over white walls across the street; open doors offer views into pleasant court-yards.



The Mezquita, the Mosque, stands like a dark rock surrounded by the white trembling light of the sea of houses.

A wonderful gateway leads to the Orange Court. The fruit and flowers of these trees perfume the air with incense. High up, backed by the blue sky, the palm trees are waving in the wind. Fountains are splashing. Once they served to refresh burnoused dusty and foot-sore pilgrims come from afar to serve their God here. The faithful bathed in these fountains before purifying their souls in Allah's house. — Now the fountains are perpetually surrounded by the town maidens who come to fetch a cooling draught in their finely curved earthenware jugs.

The impression on entering the forest of columns that support the mosque is both unexpected and overpowering. Is this not a petrified palm wood? And does not this stony grove incorporate the conception of infinity? There is a mystic dusk among these columns that lends to them an endless space of silence and eternity: the symbol of belief.

It is to the credit of the victorious Christians that they did not cool their religious ardour by destroying this Islamitic place of worship. It is extremely regrettable that their descendants have treated this monument of Mohammedan culture with such carelessness.

The mosque became a Christian church. Where once the cry of "Allah illah Allah!" echoed thousandfold, "Praise be the Lord!" is now sung. The first deed was to erect altars in the door-niches. Then seventy pillars were laid low, and a choir with the High-Altar erected in their stead: a church within a church. Charles V. was reluctant to give his permission for these alterations. When he came to Cordova and saw what had been done, he exclaimed in perturbation: "What you are building can be seen anywhere. You have destroyed what was unique in the world.\*)

Untouched in its pristine beauty, hidden in semi-darkness, not far from the Holy of Holies of the Christian church, stands the Holy of Holies of the mosque, the Mihrab or prayer-niche in which the Koran was kept. It is a jewel of Moorish art. Whereas the rest of the mosque columns are connected by double horse-shoe arches, banded in red and white, here the beautifully chased dentated arches rise straight to the lovely curved dome. The niche socle is white marble of lace-like texture above which a profusion of colours glow: blood-red, rust brown, dark blue violet interwoven with a sublime sheen of gold. Perhaps the mosaic walls and lettered scrolls upon them have in some mystical manner caught the light of the thousand swinging lamps that once had cast their soft rays through the dim shades of space. For six long centuries all these glowing colours were hidden. Before Cordova was surrendered to the Christians the sanctuary was walled up. It was only discovered in 1815.

We pass entranced along the colonnaded aisles, enthralled by the wondrous beauty of this miracle in stone. It is like awakening from a fantastic dream to set foot again in the blinding sun of the silent town that has become the shrine of one of the most precious jewels in the world (50—60).



Moorish scenes far from the beaten track: A burning hot day in August. — The air trembles in the heat over the olive trees. The day hangs heavy in the blue vault of heaven. I had been wandering for long long hours, when all of a sudden my eyes were caught by a fata morgana: wafted perhaps from the coast of Morocco? No, it was

\*) Cordova was taken soon after the battle of Jerez (711). Abd-ur-rahman I., the founder of the Omayyaden dynasty began to build the mosque in 785. The columns (their number is stated at between 1400 and 1500) were collected from buildings in all countries: Byzantium, Rome, Carthage, Nîmes, Narbonne, etc.; hence their variety of form and material (marble, porphyry, jasper, alabaster). In 1235 Cordova was taken by the Christians. The erection of the choir was begun in 1523.

no mirage. Impossible! Yet it did not disappear as I approached. Strange indeed was the scene: houses scattered like dice over a mountain (91).

A timid lad of whom I asked the name of the spot, slunk shyly past me. My map was of no assistance to me. At last I was informed that I had arrived at "la muy noble y bel ciudad Mochagar, llave y amparo del reino de Granada". "What," I asked "this hamlet still calls itself the key and guardian of the kingdom of Granada? But that kingdom was destroyed half a thousand years ago when the Moors were driven from Granada."

A miracle must have happened here that time should have remained stationary. Here was the pure Moorish impress. Most of the houses are windowless. The flat roofs are sometimes the road to the higher houses, and always their foot-stool. And although the water of baptism has wetted the women's hair, they pass veiled in the Moorish fashion along the streets. With tucked up skirts and naked legs they step lightly along the steep alleys, returning from the fountains with water amphorae. They eye the foreign trespasser suspiciously and curiously. And when I requested the veiled women to let me take their photographs they stared at me, for they had never even seen a camera. I showed them a picture, and explained that I wanted to have theirs too. They refused. Finally one girl agreed. But an old scold hurried up and beat her for her frowardness: throwing herself away like that! In this Christian country I found shamefacedness and adherence to the laws of Mohammed. Let no mortal body serve as an image!

An old man with whom I spoke about this incident told me that if a girl no longer veiled her face, but hid her legs, there was not much left to spoil about her.

But I was determined that I would not leave without a picture of one of the veiled beauties. At last I succeeded, with the consent of the mother of one of the girls. The eye of my camera winked slyly when I took my snap-shot. In thanking the girl, I held out my hand, but she seemed quite taken aback, and hid her hands behind her. I pressed her to shake hands. I should not do her any harm. But her mother apologized for her saying: "No, she doesn't mean to be rude, but it is not the custom in our country for a girl to let a man touch her hand before marriage." Perhaps this little incident explains the once much-used expression employed by wooers "will you give me your daughter's hand?" (90)



The Palm Forest of Elché (100—103). The only palm forest in Europe. It numbers more than 115 000 trees, and is also a Moorish heritage. They caused the water to flow to this spot from a distance of 5 kilometres in order to create an oasis here in the desert — for the district is to-day little else. Palms must grow with their roots in the water and their crowns in the glaring sun. For years no rain has fallen on this spot.

The view is strange from the church-tower down on white houses over which the palm tops are spread like a canopy. Beyond the palm forest the grey-yellow desert plain surrounds this isle of peace. In the far distance the blue ocean sleeps in proud majesty. Death and life are here in close juxtaposition.



Easter in Seville. The train is rushing southwards over the arid Castilian high plateaux, which in summer are as empty as a beggar's palm. The bare treeless Mancha has put on its modest spring garment which now shows in the distance like delicate green velvet. A short-lived joy! In but a few weeks the scorched ground will again be covered with a yellowish-gray pall.



At present the fresh breeze comes down from the mountains of the Sierra de Guadarrama. Scarcely, however, has the train wound its way through the wild cañons of the Sierra Modena, when spring opens wide her gate. A warm damp hot-house atmosphere is wafted into the carriage windows.

We are soon surrounded by meadows that are like a great flower-garden in which the blood-red poppy and golden-yellow primrose struggle for supremacy. Once in a while a village is seen dreaming like Sleeping Beauty among the flower groves. For a long stretch agaves and cacti fringe the track. Finally Seville sends forth her messengers in the shape of blossoming rose-gardens and orange groves laden with their ripe golden fruit. An ancient mangolia stretches a rosy blossom branch towards us, lingering on in its old age in this scene so full of yearning life. Tall slim palms nod to us, and yet new children of Flora crowd upon us to bring us Seville and spring's friendly welcome.

Heedlessly the train clatters past all this beauty towards the white maze of Seville's houses, above which towers that beautiful emblem of the town, the Giralda. At last the engine snorts noisily into the station.

But how different is everything to-day in front of the station. No yelling hotel porters, no carriages awaiting the passengers, no electric-car with clanging bell, no hooting of motor-cars. — The square is lifeless at this early afternoon hour. It is the "Semana santa", Passion-week, that has cast this almost oppressive spell of silence over the great city. Even the brazen voices of the church-bells are muffled, as though that had gone into sacred mourning. The wooden banging of the Matraca calls hoarsely to prayers with dry and unmelodious voice.

The further you penetrate into the town, the more the sacred holiday stillness is ousted. All Seville is crowding, chattering and laughing to the Cathedral to see the procession. At last you have to stop. There is no getting through the impenetrable human wall. It is a strange procession that is passing by, as though conjured up from the Middle Ages. Huddled figures stalk past slowly and stiffly. They appear like spectres. Old pictures of witches and inquisitionary trials are recalled to my mind, for nowhere else have I ever seen such terrifying apparitions; never in life. Black cowls are wrapped around their bodies, and on their head are huge black conical hats a yard high. Long sable cloths, in which only two eyelets are pierced, are suspended over their faces down to their waists. A corded rope is wound round the penitential garments. The hands of the apparitions clasp rough wooden crosses, or metal staves, as tall as themselves. These figures march in front of a portable dais on which a life-like statue of the Virgin Mary is enthroned clad in magnificent garments thickly encrusted with gold. — The procession stops. The dais is lowered. A young woman steps from the crowd, turns her eyes to the Queen of Heaven and sings her praise.

When the twenty or thirty bearers who carry the heavy dais on their shoulders, and who are hidden by drapery suspended round the frame, have rested enough, the signal to start is given by knocking on the front of the dais. A jerk, and the procession moves on a few paces. One religious body of brethren follows on the heels of the other. Each of them wear their own distinctive multicoloured badges. Some have a blue pointed hat, others white, brown, violet or other coloured garments. Next to a father his ten-year old son in the same vestments is often seen, as well as the miniature penitent of fifteen in the procession.

The various brotherhoods are filled with an ardent ambition to outdo the others in the magnificence of their Pasos as the daises are called. The whole story of the Passion from Gethsemane to the burial of our Lord, is shown on them as they pass before our eyes. — Of course the clergy in full canonicals, as well as the town and state officials are also represented in the procession. At intervals, groups of Roman legionaries of Christ's

day apper, then angels, and St. Veronica carrying the kerchief. Interspersed bands bray and flourish the same march without cess.

Each brotherhood in the procession is cerimoniously received by the chief authority of the town in Constitution Square which looks like a huge theatre auditorium. It is filled with rows of chairs of which not a single one is empty. The surrounding balconies are a sea of heads.

Hour by hour passes. Night falls. And now hundreds of wax-candles blaze forth on the daises, and each penitent carries a gigantic taper in his hand. Thus this endless and mysterious procession of lights moves on to the cathedral, passes through its magnificent nave, and out again through the other doors into the streets.

The cathedral has opened its treasure-house for the "Semana santa" and displayed all its pomp. The candles of the gigantic bronze candelabrum (the renowned Tenebrario) as well as on the altar the sacred wax-candle weighing several hundredweight. A huge sepulchre has been erected to the glory of Christ, in which the Holy of Holies is kept during Passion week. Hundreds of lamps and candles illuminate the golden-white four-storey edifice, which is over 30 metres high, and flooded with a wondrous glowing halo.

The celebrated miserere of Eslava is performed in the cathedral on the night of Good Friday. But, alas! it is impossible to enjoy the sacred tunes owing to the general noisy inattention around. Weary forms are sitting on the steps of the chapels and around the grave of Columbus. Here a mother is suckling her infant, there an animate heap of rags is wrapt in sleep, and all the while there is a continual pushing and elbowing to get to the front.

However we must not judge of all this in the light of serious northern church festivals. This would only lead us to drawing both severe and wrong conclusions. Perhaps this manner may be an historical development. Has not our Teutonic Christianity also wedded itself to much that is ancient heathenism? For instance Christmas and the winter solstice festival. Much that is Moorish obtains in Spain to this day. Perhaps even — unconsciously — the conception of the purpose of a place of worship. Was not the mosque often enough a secular place of meeting for the Moslems, and at the same time a university? However, enough of conjectures. It is a fact that the worship of the Lord and the Virgin Mary is for the Spaniard a service of love. Whether the occasion be Trinity or Passion week, it is one of joyful praise of Heaven.

I shall always remember one quiet hour permeated with the holy spirit of Easter among these joyful and yet pious Easter days. — I had mounted the Giralda, that jewel of erstwhile Moorish minaret architecture, the cathedral tower. At my feet lay the white sea of houses. The town was bathed in sunshine. The beautiful blue dome of heaven spread its mighty arch over the holiday-making land as though protecting and blessing it. The faint music of the mass far below was wafted up to me, when suddenly a booming vibration filled the air, and all the tower bells, which had been silent so long, peeled out across the sunlit country: Christ is arisen! The sister bells of all the other towers echoed the message across the spring clad country.

The Patio (40, 42–49). It is a favourite expression to call Seville the town of bright court-yards. Those court-yards which light and fill the house with sunshine. The Sevillian house, or rather the Andalusian house, is not a building such as our houses, fronting on the street, but one that fronts to an inner court, turning its back on the street. The outsides of the houses are bare of ornament, almost windowless; a secret to the passer-by. All their beauty is displayed yardwards. There wealth obtains in all



its pomp, and poverty unfolds its modest ornaments. The narrow passage — the *Zaguan* — leading from the street to the court is closed by a railed gate. The gallery — to which access is gained by steps leading from the court — is supported by columns. The rooms of the upper stories lead to the gallery. To cool the air there is a fountain in the middle of the court surrounded by palms, araucarias, laurels, orange-trees, oleanders and flowers in pots. The walls are covered with multi-coloured tiles. Against them brightly upholstered furniture, chairs, and sometimes even a piano; the inevitable guitar is in a corner. Climbing plants festoon the court.

Practically this is the centre of the whole family life. Friends are received here, hours passed in argument, singing, music and dancing — whether in company or alone, dreaming away the hours, listening to the plashing of the fountain, it is in the court — the soul of the house — that most time is spent.



There is nothing commonplace about Spanish houses. They still retain their peculiarity impressed on them by the patina of age. Many have tumbled down under the burden of years. Many are dead; but they “died in beauty”. The period of their prosperity still lingers on in the churches and ornate façades of deserted squares.

Toledo is the most Spanish of towns. It was once the heart of the country, pulsating with the great rhythm of epic history. But its heart no longer beats.

Resting on steep granite hills above the deep Tajo valley stands the yellow-grey heap of houses as though rooted in the rocks. Two gigantic bridges span the river. Narrow alleys lead up hill and down dale; many-cornered and dark. The whole town seems in a fighting mood. Huge gateways and towers, the houses fort-like, the doors studded with heavy nails. Indeed, there is hardly a town that has seen so many battles rounds its walls. Spain's history has passed over it with heavy steps. And to-day? Rent walls, ruin and silence: the town the accumulated wreckage of a thousand years (139—148).

Segovia, Toledo's sister city is situated similarly on rocks arising abruptly from the plain. It is dominated by a great cathedral tower, and guarded by the well-proportioned Alcázar which stands forth like a fairy castle. A miraculous building, erected one would say to brave eternity in the days when Christ was born. But otherwise Segovia is different to Toledo. It is the Nuremberg of Spain, gay in its leafy setting (157—164).

There are other brave old companions-in-arms of these two veterans, dating from ancient war days: circumvallated Avila (165—169), Cuenca and Albarracín with their swallow-nest houses clinging to lofty crags (120, 121, 192—194), Daroca protected by two mountains over which the whole of the battlemented walls have climbed (195—197), Alquézar in the Pyrenees, the northern outpost of the Moors in Spain (210—212), Sigüenza, Jerica, Trujillo, Cáceres, Niebla, Carmona, Martos, Antequera, and many bold castillos.

Ronda is the most boldly situated town lying on a high plateau encircled by a wide mountain arena (62, 63). Running through the rocky plateau is a huge crevice which looks as though it had been split in rage by the mighty fists of giants.

The streams thunder down in all their wild force over the boulders, hammer threateningly against the rocky walls, break into scintillating spray, rush round in whirlpools, and hurry on their course. And in close proximity to all this turmoil, the rocky walls stand unshaken in their immobility against the sky-line, an emblem of eternity cast in stone by the hand of God. The rainbow in the spray has been copied by man in the shape of a bridge high over the abyss joining the rocky heights upon which the town stands.

Let us pass from these stubborn old battle towns to a more smiling scene: San Sebastian (286—290) known throughout the world for its incomparably beautiful situation on the sea. The view from Monte Ulia, a mountain guarding the entrance to this paradise, is wonderful beyond words. Here nature has modelled and painted a masterpiece. The sea hugs the land in two gracefully curved bays and catches the beauties of the town in the reflection of its waters.



**Cave-dwellings and the simple life.** — This time I decided to leave the destination of my wanderings to chance. I could have chosen no better guide. I set out long before the dew was dry, or the sun had risen. The palm trees were just beginning to shake themselves in the early breeze when I approached a strange rocky landscape. Dark holes in the rock stared at me like dead eyes. But nevertheless life was hidden there. Human forms stepped out of the holes to greet the morn.

What I saw was a towering rock wall with hundreds of cave-dwellings next to each other and over each other. Some of them were even five storeys high and approached from the outside (92). Where the rocks were too steep, the approaches had been dug from the inside, and upper storeys created with outlook holes and loggias high up in the rocks. Tunnels had been cut in the soft stone to get from one rock valley to the other.

The children were running about in the costume God had given them. But it is not to be supposed that they were troglodytes, and as unaware of culture as those who lived in the ice period. High on the rocks you can read in large black letters on a white background "El Retiro".

Every Spaniard knows, at least by name, Madrid's beautiful park the Retiro. For this reasons it seems somewhat of a joke to suddenly come across the name in such a spot far up on the rocks. El Retiro, like Sanssouci, means solitude, retreat, place of rest. An enterprising hotel-keeper has levelled his portion of rocks into roof-terraces where the favourite gossip hour (*tertulla*) is spent, skittles played, and merry dances performed. Hence the alluring words on the wall for the benefit of passers-by. On another rock is graven the brief significant inscription: "Dios, Pan y Cultura" (God, Bread, and Culture. 92—95).

During the course of another stroll I was again equally surprised. I saw smoke arising in the distance from ground that looked like fantastic mountain erosions. Surely this was not the site of volcanic activity? Indeed this was out of the question. And on drawing nigh I discerned human figures moving among the columns of smoke. I then saw to my astonishment that little smoking towers — not unlike champagne corks in shape — were chimneys projecting out of the ground. I had again strayed among cave-dwellers. What Homeric primitiveness was there! The valleys are the streets, the mountain sides the fronts of the houses, the pinnacles villas. Front gardens are once and a while supplied by giant cacti and spiky agaves. My wanderings in this interesting world-forgotten primitive spot lasted for hours as I passed up and down the so-called streets (96—99).

My greetings were met with a cheerful response, and I was invited to enter a cool cave, provided with a drink of fresh water, and shown the treasures of the modest household: the bed on the ground, the hearth with a copper kettle, the earthenware pitcher, the stool, the oil-lamp and the image of the patron saint.

"Now as to work?" I asked. "Well we don't do too much in that way. We cultivate what we need over there where the river runs. We make bricks for the towns where the people live in houses." — Truly a picture of an enviable state of modest



requirements. There are still those who are satisfied with the tub of Diogenes. Indeed you may find many such all over Spain. I remember when at a little railway station finding only a lad deep in his after-dinner nap. For the rest, there was no one else to take my luggage, so I woke him up and asked him to help me. He stretched himself in all the bliss of laziness, took a couple of coppers out of his pocket, and showing them to me said: "I've earned 25 centimos to-day already; that's all I need," turned over, and went to sleep again. I continued on my way recalling the words of the Indian philosopher: "He who is without wants is nearest to God."

There is no cause to shrug one's shoulders. Diligence and happiness are but relative conceptions. And just the poorest in Spain understand the art of doing nothing combined with extracting joy from next to nothing. They need a little shade in summer, and the sunshine in winter; a piece of bread, a tomato, a drop of wine. The whole earth with the sky for a roof is their bed-room; the highroad their field of labour. There is no master they would exchange positions with; they are their own masters; masters of their own time — verily a great possession this. Why then should they not spend it generously? "He whom God helps will go further than he who rises betimes" runs a Spanish proverb. And the Bible tells us: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."



**Feria in Sepúlveda:** — A bull-fight. There's high holiday in Sepúlveda, (172, 173) an ancient little town far from the turmoil of the great world, and far even from the railroad, which indeed is nearly 100 kilometres away. The feria is the greatest day of the whole year. Men and women crowd into the place on horses and donkeys. Old friends meet again. Once more they see 'life'. Above all it is the bull-fight that is the greatest attraction. It has been for weeks already the only topic worth speaking about. As however our little town has no arena, the market-place is used instead. All day the lively rat-tat of hammers is heard there. The windows of the picturesque dignified old town-hall gaze smilingly down on the lively scene. At last there is really something worth looking at again. Another long tedious sleepy year has gone by.

There is hardly any one who does not go the hour's walk outside the town to admire the bulls which have come from a long way off, and for the present are being kept at pasture.

When the great day has come, every one is up with the sun. The arrival of the savage animals is feverishly expected. The bravest show their courage by going forth to meet the procession.

A cloud of dust on the highway announces its approach. And finally forms emerge from it. At the head a picador on horseback with a lance, behind him the black bodies of the bulls surrounded by tame steers, and followed by a second picador. As they rush through the narrow streets to the market-square a mighty cry goes up: "Los toros! Los toros!" Shouting, whistling, howling, yelling, and a general pandemonium rends the welkin.

Finally the bulls are secured, and it is only in the afternoon that the longed-for hour arrives.

The forenoon has its own pleasures. Young men demonstrate their daring by teasing a young bull specially selected for the purpose, and earn acclamation or mocking laughter as the case may be. These young heroes try to put into practice what they have seen at the Torero; only it is less dangerous. No blood is shed, only torn trousers and bruises are the honorific mementoes of the great day (174, 175).

My thoughts naturally harked back to the first bull-fight I had seen — in Madrid. The impression was stupendous: fifteen thousand gay spectators in the great sweep of the arena all impatient for the nerve-racking fight to begin. The arena was filled with the babble of voices. It was a chaos of colours, cloudy lace mantillas, flower-embroidered shawls, fans swaying nervously, jet-black glowing eyes. — Shouts of applause greeted the bull-fighters. Yells saluted the great bull as he rushed in. The game was a risky one for life or death. Deeds of audacity were met with idolatrous cheers, the timid with desolating laughter. All of a sudden a coloured form is tossed into the air. A single scream from a thousand throats. — “Is he dead?” “No!” A sigh of relief. — “Go on!” — The condemned bull is mad with rage, his opponent cold as steel. He wields the mortal instrument, the sword flashes, and a hurricane of applause bursts forth for the victor and his tottering victim. White handkerchiefs flutter from every seat like pigeons. Hats are waved, a shower of flowers descends, and the fêted hero returns thanks, nonchalant and proud. — The trumpets blare and a new fight begins (125, 126).



Crossing the Picos de Europa. — Masses of high mountains with peaks about 2700 metres high rises among the Asturian Cantabrian coast range. They bear the proud name of Picos de Europa (The Peaks of Europe). They are the Dolomites of Spain. But they exceed these considerably in inaccessability.

Tourist facilities in Spain are of a very primitive nature. For this reason there are no shelter huts for mountaineers in the Picos de Europa, and there are likewise no trained guides. There are it is true some game-keepers. Shepherds and miners acquainted with individual parts of the mountains act once in a while as guides.

I had been at the gateway of the Picos de Europa when at Covadongo the celebrated place of pilgrimage. Since then the desire had never left me to become acquainted with this demure mountain beauty so alluring and yet so stand-offish in her loneliness. Thus I started for the mountains.

My path led me from Unquera through the Deva valley to Potes at the foot of the Picos. I very soon noticed that my task would be no easy one, for shortly after leaving Panes the track winds through a mighty and deep valley known as the Desfiladero de la Hermida. My reception was not a friendly one. The rocky guardian of the valley looked down and frowned at me, and the sky treated me at intervals to a cold shower-bath.

In Potes the clouds were low down on the mountain sides on which I was going to test my prowess the next day. But I was so enchanted with the spot, that I willingly renounced the view for that day.

The little town is a very ancient spot. It must once have been the seat of many a knightly family. This is attested to by the various Spanish coats of arms on the houses. But those times are now no more. Where once Spanish grandees strutted by with buckled shoes and sword, clodhopping peasants plod along. And the present generation is hardly aware of the plentitude of beauty surrounding it. Bold bridges span the glen. Narrow collonades with overhangig balconies cling to the steep river bank. A multitude of archways offer innumerable enchanting glimpses. A high watch-tower guards the houses clustering at its base.

Before the sun had risen on the morrow I had set out. Dark and dismal-looking clouds hung low over the landscape. But the Picos pinnacles had rent them asunder, and suddenly they stood forth in the glory of the rising sun. Dark night lay behind me as I marched towards the sunlight.



My guide met me by arrangement at Espinama. He was a grey-headed man with weather-beaten face and smiling eyes. His feet were clad in leather sandals, and under his arm was an ancient umbrella. We soon discussed the itinerary, filled our *rucksacks* and started for the Puerto de Aliva. The old song came back to me: —

The sun on my way  
In his golden aray  
Is my fellow and guide.  
He casts my shadow  
O'er flowery meadow.  
I wander world-wide.

As we passed on our way, the houses of the village became smaller and smaller. We soon left the last tree behind, and our path led over sweet green slopes, till they too were lost under the stony debris of rocky giants. There was a hunting-lodge close to the foot of the Peña vieja cliff which the king of Spain visits nearly every year when chamois hunting.

The day drew slowly to its end. Great streamers curled round the Peña vieja, pale shadows floated by like silver grey cobwebs, and the mist rose and fell with every breath of wind. The billowing fog had already wrapped us in its mighty veil when we reached the miners' inn at Lloroza. An overseer invited us to spend the night there. And we were right glad to find shelter, in spite of the fact that both the hut and its furniture looked like the first attempts of primitive man to scale the ladder of civilization. The night we spent on the hard ground was not a very restful one, and we were glad when the approach of day called us from our layer.

When we left the hut a surprising spectacle met our eyes. The fog which had deprived us of any possibility of obtaining a view the evening before now lay at our feet in the valley. The summits of the mountain rose like islands in the sea of mist.

The moment had arrived when day struggled with night for predominance. The full-moon's silver disc hung in the deep blue of the western sky, and the morning star held its own for a while against the rising light in the east. At last both moon and star turned to pale glass when the sun sent forth his herald rays. The horizon was tinged with pink; long red streamers fluttered from the windows of heaven to greet us, and then the sun rose above the misty expanse, gilded the crests, flooded the eastern pinnacles with the glory of his light, and glowed on the rocky wall to which our hut clung. O wonderful silence of that hour!

"A new day beckons us to other shores."

For yet a short distance the beaten path used by the king when stalking showed us the way. Then we bent our steps over pathless boulders, sharp edged rocks, mounds of debris, snow-fields strewn among the stony desert with its jagged rock walls and towers.

Whole herds of chamois stared in astonishment at the strange intruders in their paradise. For the rest, they showed little inclination to run away. The mountain fastness became progressively more barren and wild in its aspect. An infinitely dismal mood seemed to brood o'er the scene. Yet the magnificence of these mountains augmented from minute to minute. Grotesque stone giants — cast in burning ore by the furnace of high heaven — stood guarding this great grave of nature.

Woe to the wanderer whose ignorant footsteps err here! Death lies in ambush in the deep crevices and chasms.

At last we halted in front of the monarch of the magnificent mountain empire. His throne stands high in everlasting snow; a golden crown is on his head. His picture is known to all from the most distant mountain valley to the shores of the restless ocean. All admire his beauty, all know his name: Naranjo de Balnes.

This huge rock colossus rises 600 metres over its surroundings. Its perpendicular walls show hardly a crevice. And it seems incredible that nevertheless that bold mountaineer the Marqués de Villaviciosa de Asturia climbed to its summit.

On our wanderings round this mighty and stubborn rock tower we seemed to be lightened of all earthly burdens high up there in the solitude above the depths of humanity.

We climbed up to the Ceredo tower. The rocks were as sharp as knives. Again the ghostly mist rose from the valleys and whirled spectrally around us.

It was 5 o'clock and the Cares valley with Cain to where our steps were directed were not yet in sight. - I asked my companion: "How far yet?" "A few hours more" was the not very consoling reply. — The mist, that enemy of mountaineers was getting thicker. And ere long we could not see twenty paces ahead. The feeling of insecurity grew apace. And the sensation of climbing with mist-bound eyes was terrible. Again I questioned my guide. "Severo, is there no hut or shelter on the way?" - "I don't think so." Once more long minutes of silent groping. At last we were, at any rate for a while, rid of the stony region. Here and there a rocky projection, but it was quite impossible to tell if we were not suspended on it hundreds of meters over a yawning abyss. It was impossible to see anything through that fog. And at a quarter past six it was pitch dark.

Suddenly we came across a few low rough huts of unhewn stone huts sheltered by a rock-wall. There at last we could spend the night. But my guide wanted to go on. "Stop!" I cried. "Can we get to Cain to night?" — "I don't know." "Well then we'll stay here!" Suiting the action to the word, we crept into one of the huts, crouched down, and slept fitfully through ten endless hours of night. But even they passed. The morning meant a dangerous and nasty descent. We waded knee-deep in wet grass, clambered over ledges with fog all around us. Woe to us had we slipped! Then we got lost and had to stop and climb back with the greatest care. Then we slid down a stony gully in which nearly every step set rocks thundering to the depths below.

At last the moist grey mist began to lift. A rift showed the bed of the valley far beneath us, and, as we thought, houses. But no, we were mistaken. They were huge boulders, the wreckage of some avalanche that filled the upper hollow. Down and down we scrambled till finally we broke through the foggy screen. Our goal was at our feet. Cain, strangely walled in by precipitous rocky cliffs rising sheer 1500 metres high. We were there! And we could rest. Some bread and butter was all we could find in the whole village to appease our hunger. We would gladly have rested there a day, but the place was too inhospitable. We had therefore to shoulder our *rucksacks* again. The distance we had climbed down the day before, we had to climb up again on the opposite rocks of the Peña santa. Hours and hours of strenuous efforts passed till we reached the ridge. We re-descended valleywards in a drizzling rain. Lake Enol was the last spot of beauty to be hidden from our view. It was there we struck the main road, and then marched another 10 kilometres down to Covadonga which we reached as tired as dogs.

Night had already cast her shadow over the valley, and the stars were beginning to shine forth. Welcoming lights were seen burning in Covadonga. But it seemed as though we should never reach them. However the prospect of a bed lent us strength, and at half past eight we stumbled painfully over the threshold of a clean hospitable house. I went to bed exhausted, and my restless dreams were haunted with the beautiful and terrible wanderings in the Picos de Europa (266—274).





My pilgrimage to the Yuste Convent (153). — I left soon after midnight, for marching is delightful in southern nights when the glittering stars shed their soft light from the great vault of heaven. In the south the cool night is succeeded by summer days that are the misery of the pedestrian. — The hours melted by but slowly in the furnace heat of the day. I was beset with all possible ills: infernal heat, thirst, and no water. Not a tree or a shrub was to be seen for miles; no shade; hours without passing a house; not a soul abroad; the melancholy mood that comes in the train of solitude. My path was obstructed by a river — at any rate, water — but nary a bridge! So I had to wade, and continue my journey. At last I spied a shepherd. What joy to feel that I was no longer alone!

"Is this the right road to Yuste?" I enquired of him. — "Yes, but where doest thou come from, and what countryman art thou?" The good fellow addressed me with the fraternal *tutoyer*, as though we were brothers.

When he heard that I was a German he was quite surprised. He willingly agreed to accompany me to the next village, and was quite curious to hear something about my country. The news of the war had penetrated to this remote part of the world. It was charming to listen to the questions of this child of nature. He knew nothing of the three Rs; had never seen a railway, had never left the neighbourhood of his village. We soon met another shepherd on the mountain-side who was just as pleased and interested as the other. And I must say, that wherever I was in Spain, all classes of the population were friendly towards Germans.

It was not long before we encountered other wayfarers who joined us, for Sunday enticed them into the village. My entrance was therefore almost a triumphal procession. We entered the inn, ordered some wine, and sat down to a well-earned rest. When I wanted to pay the landlord, he refused, telling me that Pepa had settled the bill. However, this wouldn't do. And at last he agreed to my paying on condition that the next time I returned I should be his guest. They all shook hands with me most-heartily and I continued joyfully on my way.

At last I stood in front of the monastery gates. They were opened, and the white haired abbot rode out on a little donkey, holding a green parasol over his head. I saluted the venerable Father and enquired of him whether I could stay at the monastery for the night. "No", he replied, "impossible." — Discomfited I exclaimed: "But where am I to go to-day? I have travelled fifty kilometres and have come from Navalmoral." "What, on foot? Impossible!" "Yes, but I have. I am a German and want to see the spot which the emperor Charles V. exchanged for all the crowns in the world, and where he closed his eyes." — "You are a German? Of course you can't continue your journey."

I was most kindly and touchingly taken care of.

I was shown the monastery which had once been destroyed by the French. Decay and mould have continued the work of destruction. But nature's eternal youth triumphs victoriously amongst the ruins and beautifies the decay of age. And yet this is a place to think about the everlastingness of all things, of the end of all terrestrial happiness. — Once that great monarch who had fled from the turmoil of the world had paced these halls.

At supper, I, the infidel sat at the monks' board and was treated like a brother.

The next morning I was awakened long hours before sunrise. A lay brother lit me with a lantern through the dark and ancient park. The monastery gate swung on its hinges, the latch fell heavily, and I was again out in the world all silvery with the moonlight. For a moment I stood entranced. — I heard the mass bell calling the monks to prayers. And the gates of Paradise were closed behind me.



The last echoes. — My wanderings through Spain filled me with the joy of life. She had become my second home. It was with a heavy heart that I left.

“O follow me ye southern days

‘Neath colder skies and paler stars.

And fill my thoughts with golden rays!”

The hour of departure had arrived. — It was a wonderful moonlight night in which the little Spanish steamer which was to bear me homewards sailed slowly out of Ferrol harbour. The moon cast a silver bridge over the water, and along it my thoughts fled back to other moonlight nights when she had often shown me the way in picturesque Spain.

The lights along the coast shone like the eyes of anxious friends looking a last farewell before darkness closed their lids. And then the little ship ploughed homeward through the eternal waters with the eternal sky above us, and the old old song of the waves accompanied me back to my familiar home.

And now that days and weeks of cloudy skies hang heavily over my country where the sun is not so generous as in southern climes, my heart is filled with yearning for Spain, with nostalgia for the sun. — Then I look at my pictures, and we hold converse together, and re-live those unfettered days spent in wanderings in sun-kissed Spain.

In this volume I send forth my sun harvest. May it cast its light in the hearts of many! May it tell of my love of Spain, and of my heartfelt thanks to her chivalrous people for all their kind hospitality!



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Granada-Alhambra.





Granada

Alhambra and the Vega

Alhambra y la Vega

Alhambra und die Vega



Alhambra - in the background the  
Sierra Nevada

Le soir à Grenade,  
au fond la Sierra Nevada

## Granada

Alhambra-Abendstimmung: im  
Hintergrund die Sierra Nevada

Alhambra-Puesta del sol: En el fondo la Sierra Nevada  
L'Alhambra sul tramonto: in fondo  
la Sierra Nevada





Granada-Alhambra.



Granada

Alhambratürme

Torres de la Alhambra

The Alhambra Towers

I torrioni dell'Alambra

Les tours de l'Alhambra





Granada-Alhambra

Myrtenhof

The Myrtle Court

Patio de los Arrayanes

La corte dei mirti

La cour des myrtes



Granada-Alhambra

Myrtenhof

The Myrtle Court

Patio de los Arrayanes

La corte dei mirt

La cour des myrtes





Granada-Alhambra

Löwenhof

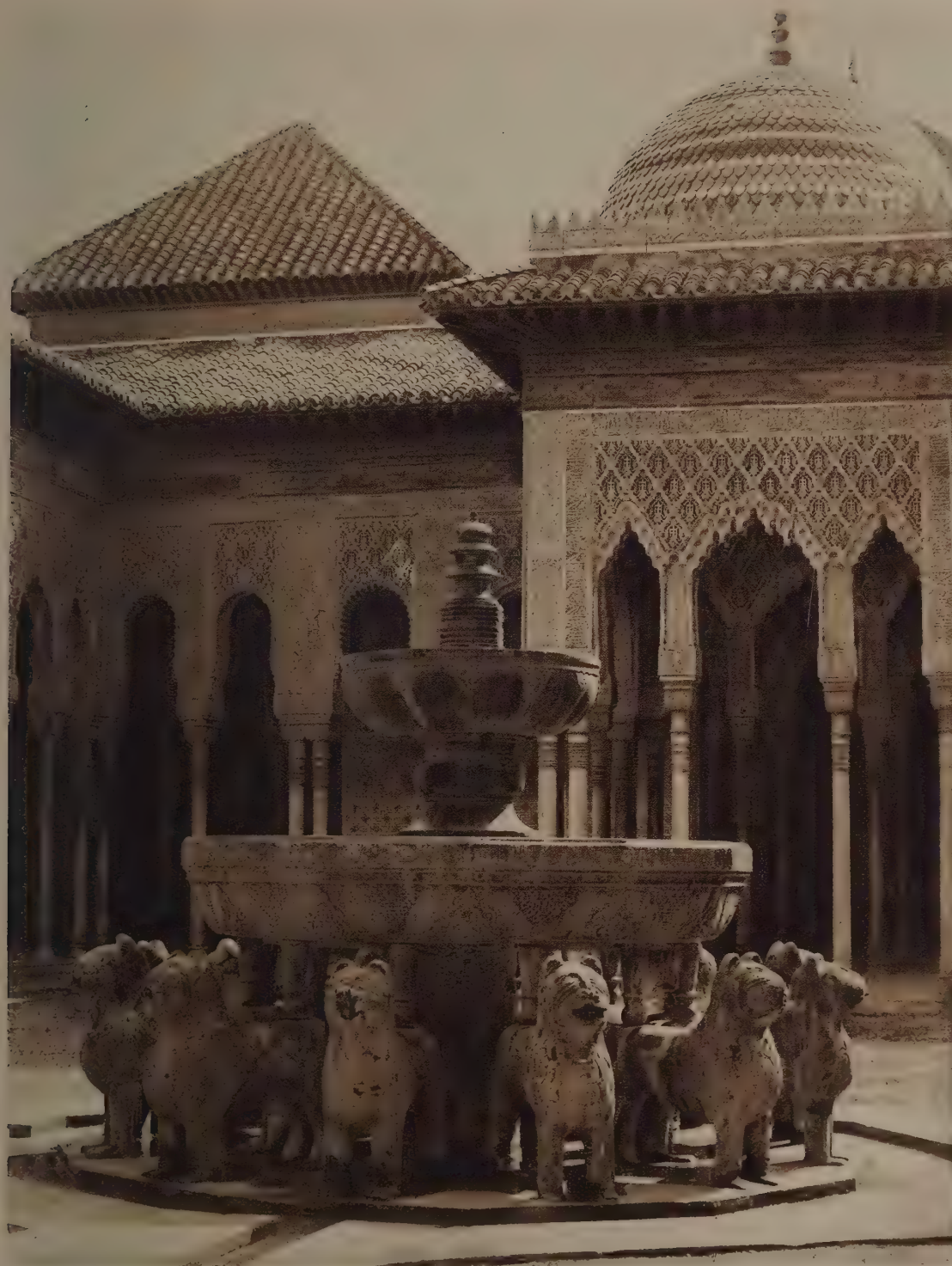
Patio de los Leones

The Court of the Lions

La corte del león

La cour des Lions





# Granada-Alhambra

Der Löwenbrunnen im Löwenhof

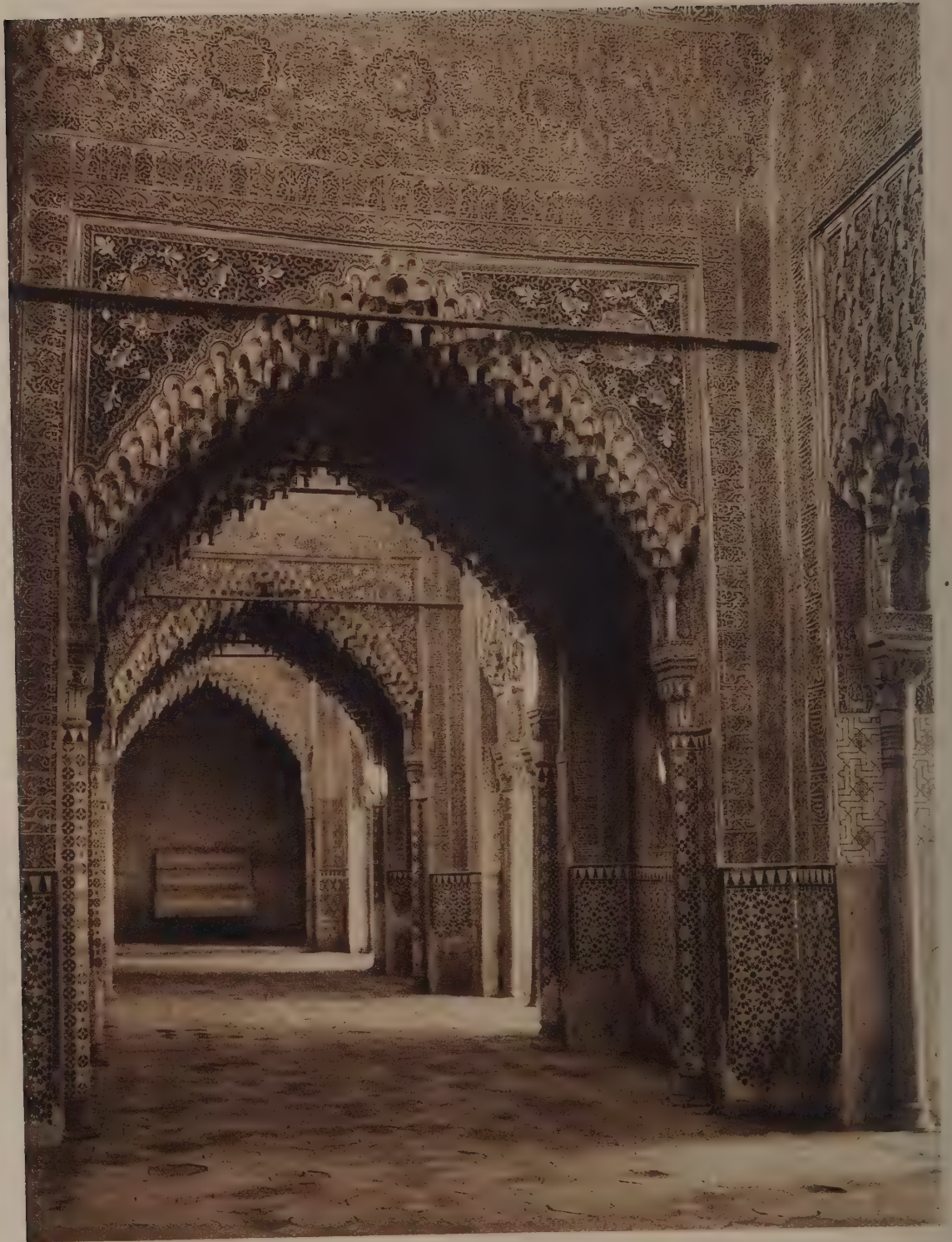
The Lion Fountain in the Court of the Lions

La fuente en el patio de los Leones

La fontana dei leoni nella Corte  
omonima

La fontaine avec le bassin  
dans la cour des Lions





Granada-Alhambra

Gerichtshalle

Sala de la Justicia

Court of Justice

La sala della Giustizia

La salle de justice





# Granada-Alhambra

Erker der Daraxa

Il padiglione di Daraxa

Mirador de Daraxa

Bay Windows of the Daraxa

Le pavillon de la Daraxa





Granada-Alhambra

Gartenhof der Daraxa

Patio de Daraxa

The Daraxa Court

Il giardino di Daraxa

Un coin du jardin de la Daraxa





Granada-Alhambra

Gartenhof der Daraxa

Il giardino di Daraxa

Patio de Daraxa

The Daraxa Court

Un coin du jardin de la Daraxa





Granada-Alhambra

Im Garten der Daraxa

Il giardino di Daraxa

Patio de Daraxa

In the Daraxa Garden

Dans le jardin de la Daraxa



Granada-Alhambra

Zypressenhof

Patio de los cipreses

The Cypress Court

Il cortile dei cipressi

La cour des cyprès





# Granada-Alhambra

Blick aus dem Putzzimmer der Königin  
nach dem Albalcín

View of the Albalcín from the  
Queens Boudoir

Vista desde el Peñador de la Reina sobre el Albalcín

Veduta di Albalcín presa dallo spogliatois della regina

Vue sur l'Albalcín, prise du boudoir de la reine



Granada

Generalfepalast

Palacio del Generalife

Palace of the Generalife

Palazzo del Generalife

Palais de Généralife





Granada

Eintrittshalle im Generalife

Entrance-Hall of the Generalife

Entrada del Generalife

Ingresso nel Generalife

Entrée du Généralife



# Granada

Säulenhalle im Generalife

En el Generalife

Colonnade in the Generalife

Colonnato nel Generalife

Colonnade dans le Généralife





# Granada

Generallfegarten

En el jardín del Generalife

In the Garden of the Generalife

Giardino del Generalife

Un Jardin du Généralife



## Granada

Blick aus einem Generalifegärtchen  
nach dem Albalcin

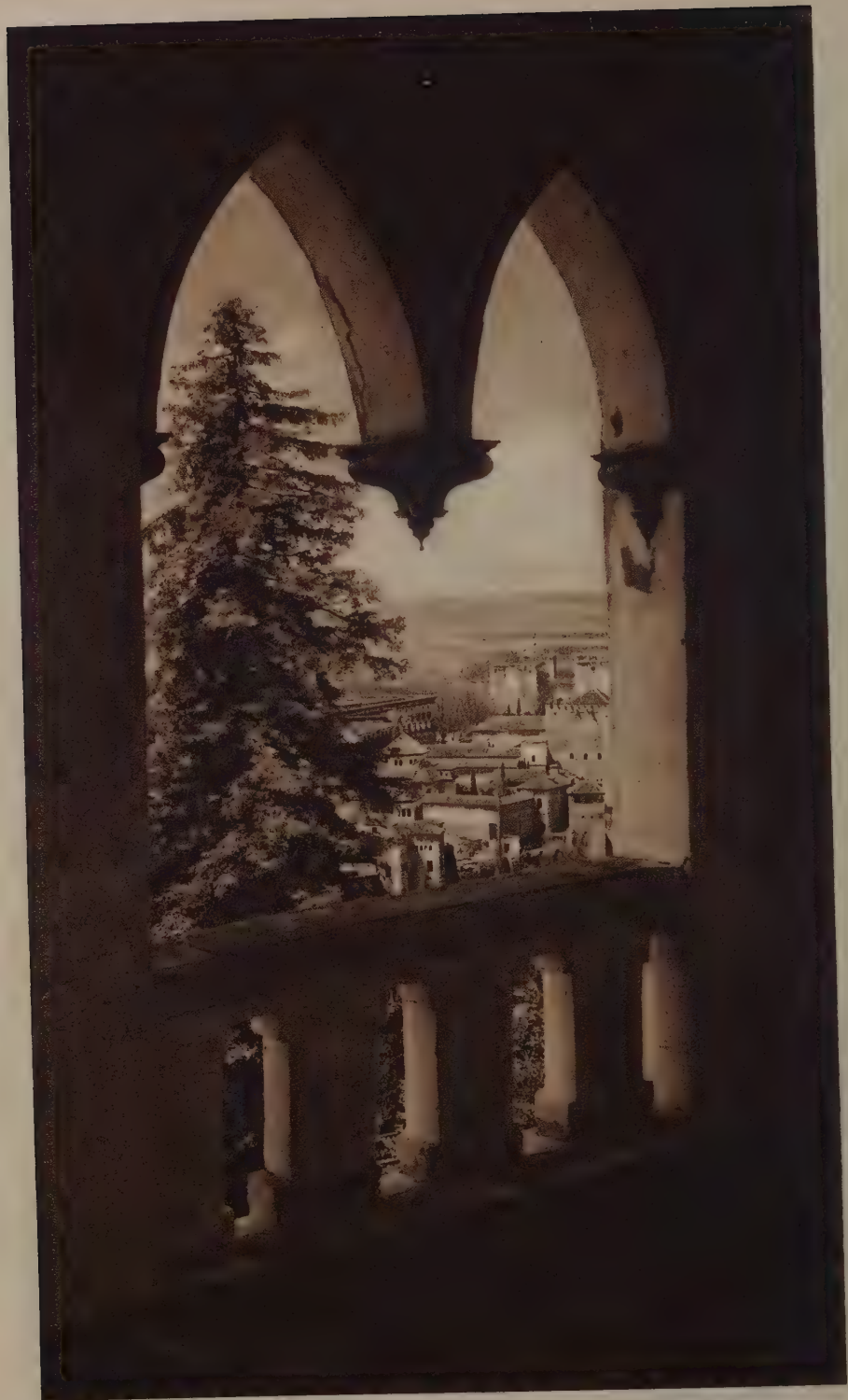
Vista desde un Jardincito del Generalife sobre el Albalcin

Veduta di Albalcin da un giardino del Generalife

View from one of the Generalife  
Gardens on the Albalcin

Vue sur l'Albalcin, prise d'un jardin du Généralife





# Granada

Blick aus dem Aussichtsturm des  
Generalife auf die Alhambra

Vista desde el Mirador del Generalife sobre la Alhambra

Veduta dell'Alhambra dalla  
torre del Generalife

View of Alhambra from the Outlook  
Tower of the Generalife

Vue sur l'Alhambra, prise  
du belvédère du Généralife



# Granada

Kathedrale-Capilla real - Im Gitter die  
Leidensgeschichte Christi

La Catedral-Capilla real - En la reja la Pasión de Jesucristo

Cattedrale - Capella Reale - Nel  
cancello è raffigurata la  
passione di Cristo

The Cathedral - The Royal Chapel - In the  
Railing the Passion

A la Cathedrale - La Chapelle royale  
Au haut de la grille sont représentées  
les scènes de la Passion de  
Jésus-Christ





# Granada

Straße am Darro

Street on the Darro

Calle del Darro

Calle del Darro

Rue longeant le Darro



# Granada

Im Albaicín

Nell'Albacine

En el Albaicín

In the Albaicín

L'Albacin





Tanzende Zigeunerin

Zingara danzante

Gitana bailando

Gypsy dancing

Danseuse Gitane



Mit der Laute

Con la chitarra

Con la guitarra

Playing the Guitar

Une joueuse de guitare





# Sevilla

Blick vom Turm der Kathedrale (der  
Giralda) über die Stadt

Vista general, tomada desde la Giralda

Veduta dall'alta città dalla torre (la Giralda)  
della Cattedrale

General View of the Town from the  
Giralda Tower of the Cathedral

Vue générale, prise de la Giralda  
(tour de la cathédrale)



Sevilla

Der Goldturm und die Kathedrale

La torre de Oro y la Catedral

La torre dell'oro e la Cattedrale

The Golden Tower and the Cathedral

La tour d'or et la cathédrale





# Sevilla

Teilstück der Rathausfassade

Details of the City-Hall Facade

Detaile de la fachada del Ayuntamiento

Dettaglio della facciata del Municipio

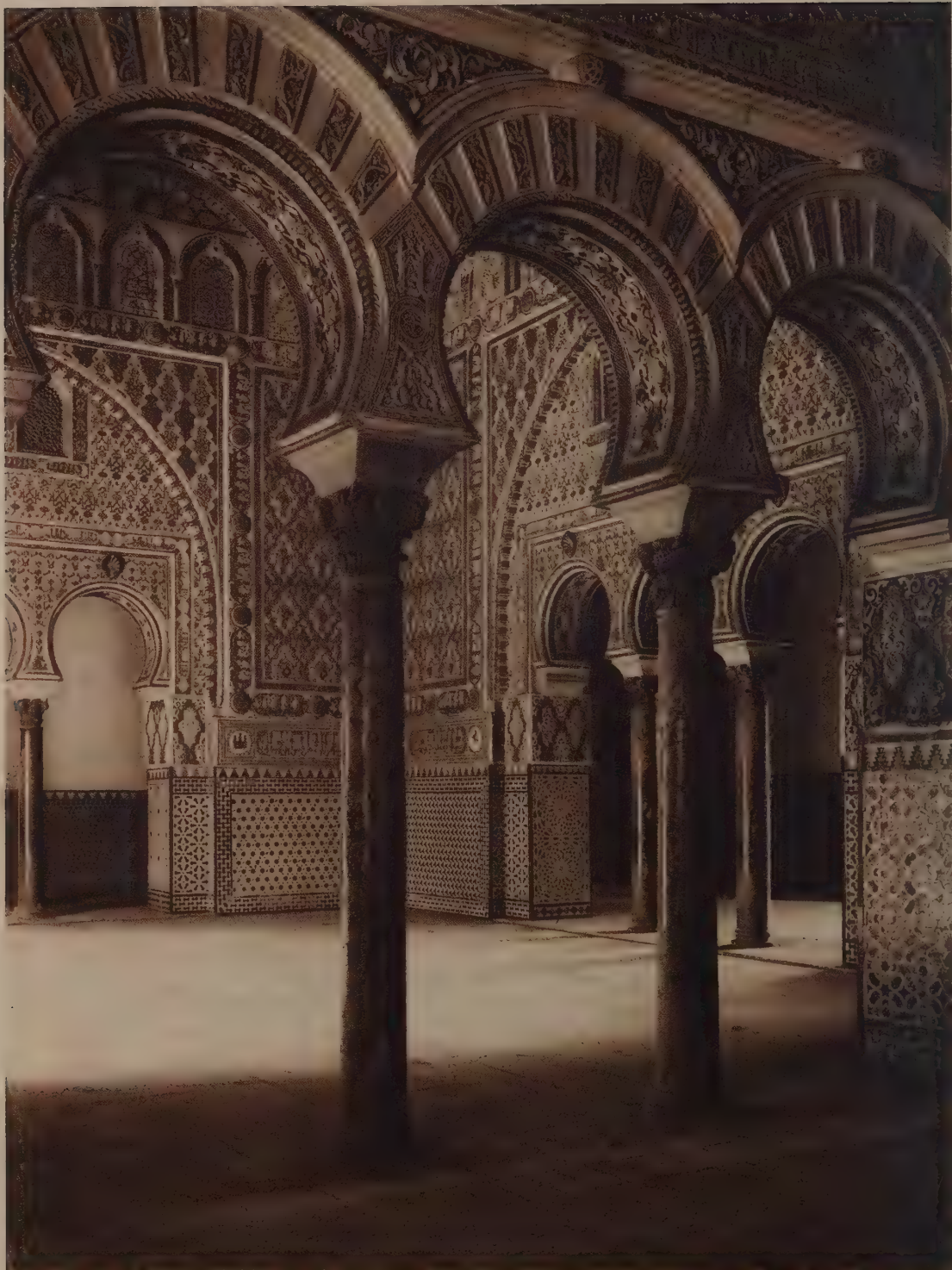
Détail de la façade de l'hôtel de ville



Sevilla

Die Giralda (Turm der Kathedrale)	The Giralda (Cathedral Tower)
La Giralda	
La Giralda (la torre della Cattedrale)	La Giralda (Tour de la cathédrale)





Sevilla-Alcázar

Gesandtensaal

Sala de Embajadores

The Ambassadors Hall

La Sala degli Ambasciatori

Salle des ambassadeurs



# Sevilla-Alcázar

Puppenhof

Patio de las Muñecas

La Corte delle bambole

The Dolls' Court

La cour des poupées





Sevilla

Im Alcázargarten

En el jardín del Alcázar

In the Alcázar Garden

Nel giardino dell'Alcázar

Au jardin de l'Alcazar





Sevilla

Im Alcázargarten

En el Jardín del Alcázar

Nel giardino dell'Alcázar

In the Alcázar Garden

Au Jardin de l'Alcázar





# Sevilla

Pilatushaus

Pilate's House

La Casa di Pilato

Casa de Pilato

La maison de Pilate



Hof im Pilatushaus

La Casa di Pilato, Corte

## Sevilla

Patio de la Casa de Pilato

Court in Pilate's House

Cour intérieure de la maison de Pilate





Sevilla

Tür zum Hof des Pilatushauses

Portada de la Casa de Pilato

Porta di accesso alla Corte della  
Casa di Pilato

Court Gates, Pilate's House

Entrée de la cour de la maison  
de Pilate





# Sevilla

Pilatushaus - Fenstergitter	Pilate's House - Grille
Casa de Pilato - Reja	
Casa di Pilato. Finestra con grata	Fenêtre grillée de la maison de Pilate





# Sevilla

Hof im Palast des Herzogs Alba

Court in Duke Alba's Palace

Patio en el palacio del duque de Alba

La Corte nel Cortile del Duca d'Alba

Cour intérieure du palais du duc d'Albe





Kloster Sta. Paula

Il Convento di Santa Paola

Sevilla

Convento de Sta. Paula

St. Paul's Convent

Couvent de Sainte Paule





In Manzanera

A Manzanera

En Manzanera

In Manzanera

Dans la Manzanera



Hof in Tarifa

Il cortile in una casa di Tarifa

Patio en Tarifa

Une cour de maison à Tarifa

Court in Tarifa





Hof in Tarifa

Il cortile in una casa di Tarifa

Patio en Tarifa

Une cour de maison à Tarifa

Court in Tarifa



Hof in Vejer

Il cortile in una casa di Vejer

Patlo en Vejer

Court in Vejer

Une cour de maison à Vejer





Hof in Arcos de la Frontera

Il cortile in una casa di Arcos de la Frontera

Patio en Arcos de la Frontera

Court in Arcos de la Frontera

Une cour de maison à Arcos de la Frontera



Hof in Arcos de la Frontera

Il cortile di una casa a  
Arcos de la Frontera

Patio en Arcos de la Frontera

Court in Arcos de la Frontera

Une cour de maison à Arcos  
de la Frontera





# Cordoba

Facade of the Mosque

Facade de la mosquée

Fachada de la Mezquita

Facciata della Moschea

Fassade der Moschee



Columns in the Mosque

Le fouillis des colonnes à l'intérieur de la mosquée

## Cordoba

Columnas en la Mezquita

Säulenwald der Moschee

La selva delle colonne nell'interno della Moschea





# Cordoba

Moschee - Mihrab (Allerheiligstes)

La Moschea : Mihrab (santuario)

Mezquita - Mihrab

Mihrab Mosque (Holy of Holies)

La Mosquée : le Mihrab (sanctuaire)



Cordoba

Moschee-Inneres

L'interno della Moschea

En la Mezquita

Interior of the Mosque

Intérieur de la mosquée





# Cordoba

Moschee — Blick zum Hochaltar

Mezquita — Vista del altar mayor

La Moschea: veduta dell'altar maggiore

Mosque — View of the High Altar

La Mosquée: vue du maître-autel



# Cordoba

Moschee - Blick aus dem Chöreimbau

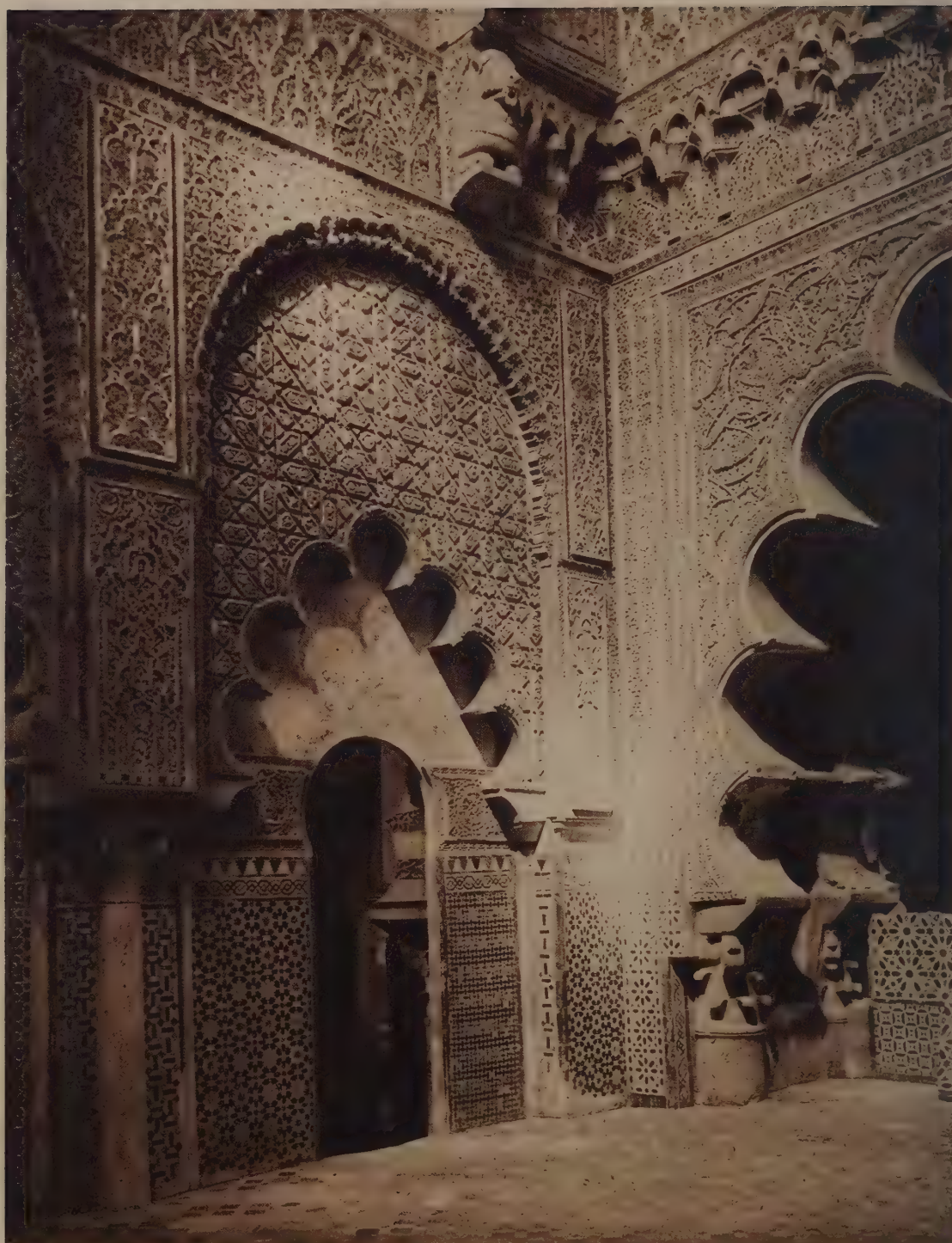
Mezquita - Vista desde el Coro

La Moschea: veduta del Coro

Mosque - View from the Choir

La Mosquée vue de chœur





# Cordoba

Moschee - Capilla S. Ferriando

Mezquita - Capilla de S. Fernando

Mosque - Capilla de St. Fernando

La Moschea: Cappella di S. Ferdinando

La Mosquée: chapelle de Saint Ferdinand





· Córdoba

Moschee Capilla S. Fernando

Mezquita - Capilla de S. Fernando

Mosque - Capilla de St Fernando

La Moschea: Cappella di S. Ferdinando.

La Mosquée: chapelle de Saint Ferdinand





Cordoba

Moschee - Orangerhof

Mezquita - Patio de las Naranjas

La Moschea: La corte degli aranci

Mosque - The Court of Oranges

La Mosquée: cour des orangers



Cordoba

Einsiedelei

Eremo

Ermita

L'Ermitage

Hermitage





Cordoba

Fuente

Fontana

Brunnen

Une fontaine

Fountain



Karren für Stroh

Una carretta per il trasporto della paglia

Carro para cargar paja

Une charrette pour le transport de la paille

Straw Cart





Ronda





Ronda





Antequera



Antequera — Plaza S. Sebastian





# Antequera

Kapelle der hilfespendenden Jungfrau

Capilla de la Virgen del Socorro

Cappella della Madonna del  
Buon soccorso

Chapel of the Virgin of Succour

Chapelle de Notre-Dame de  
Bon Secours



Jerez de la Frontera

Cartuja — Zypressenhof

Cartuja — Patio de los cipreses

Cartuja: il cortile dei cipressi

Cartuja — Cypress Court

Cartuja: la cour des cyprès





Ecija

Treppenaufgang im Palast des  
Marqués de Peñafior

Staircase in the Marquis of  
Peñafior's Palace

Escalera en el palacio del Marqués de Peñafior

Scala nel palazzo del Marchese de  
Peñafior

Cage d'escalier au palais du marquis  
de Peñafior



Ecija

Hof im Palast des Marqués de Peñaflores

Court in the Marquis of Peñaflores' Palace

Patio en el palacio del Marqués de Peñaflores

La Corte nell palazzo del Marchese  
de Peñaflores

Cour intérieure du palais du  
marquis de Peñaflores





Carmona — Castillo





Alcala de Guadaira — Castillo





Arcos de la Frontera



El Chorro





Martos



Martos





Algatocin



Güejar – Sierra (Sierra Nevada)





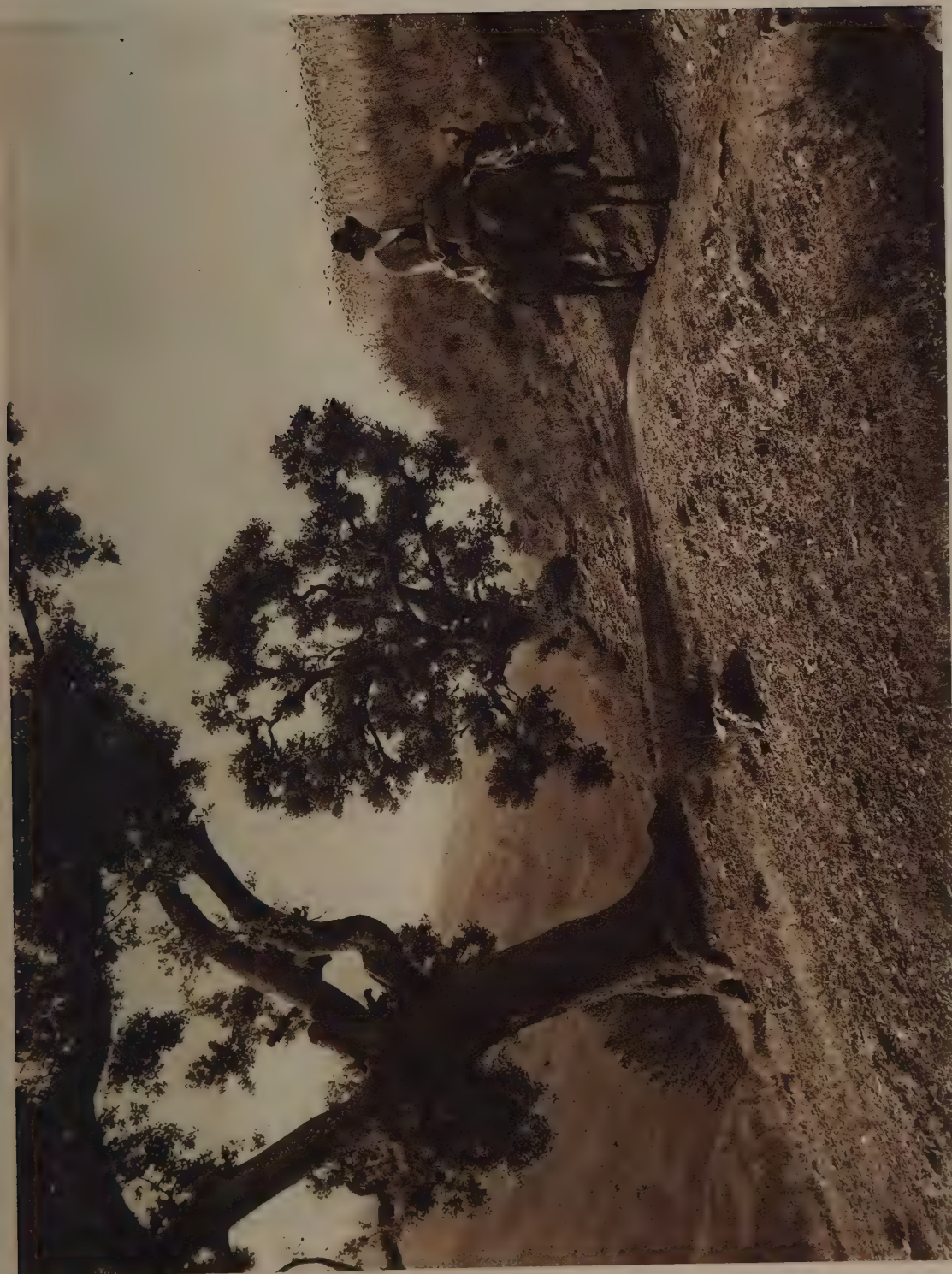
In einer Wegschenke (Sierra Nevada)

En una posada (Sierra Nevada)

In una trattoria. Sierra Nevada

In a Wayside Inn (Sierra Nevada)

Intérieure d'une posada (auberge) de la  
Sierra Nevada



In the Sierra Nevada (Holm Oak)

Chênes rouvres dans la Sierra Nevada

En la Sierra Nevada

Nella Sierra Nevada Lecci

In der Sierra Nevada (Steinelchen)





Niebla



Niebla





# Zafra

Hof im Hospital S. Miguel

Patio en el hospital de S. Miguel

Ospedale di S. Michele. Il cortile

Court in St. Miguel's Hospital

Cour de l'hôpital Saint-Michel



Cáceres





Cáceres

Wasserträgerinnen

Portatrici d'acqua

Mujeres con jarros de agua

Water - Carriers

Porteuses d'eau



Chief Square

La grande place

Trujillo

Plaza mayor

La piazza principale

Hauptplatz





Trujillo

Santiagotor

Puerta de Santiago

Santiago Gate

La porta di Santiago

La porte Saint-Jacques



Trujillo

Altes Stadttor

Old Town-Gate

Puerta antigua

Un'antica porta della città

Vielle porte d'entrée





Dorf in Süd-Estremadura

Villaggio di capanne nell' Estremadura  
meridionale

Aldehuela en el sur de Estremadura

Un village de l' Estremadura méridionale

Village in South Estremadura



Schenke (Süd-Estremadura)

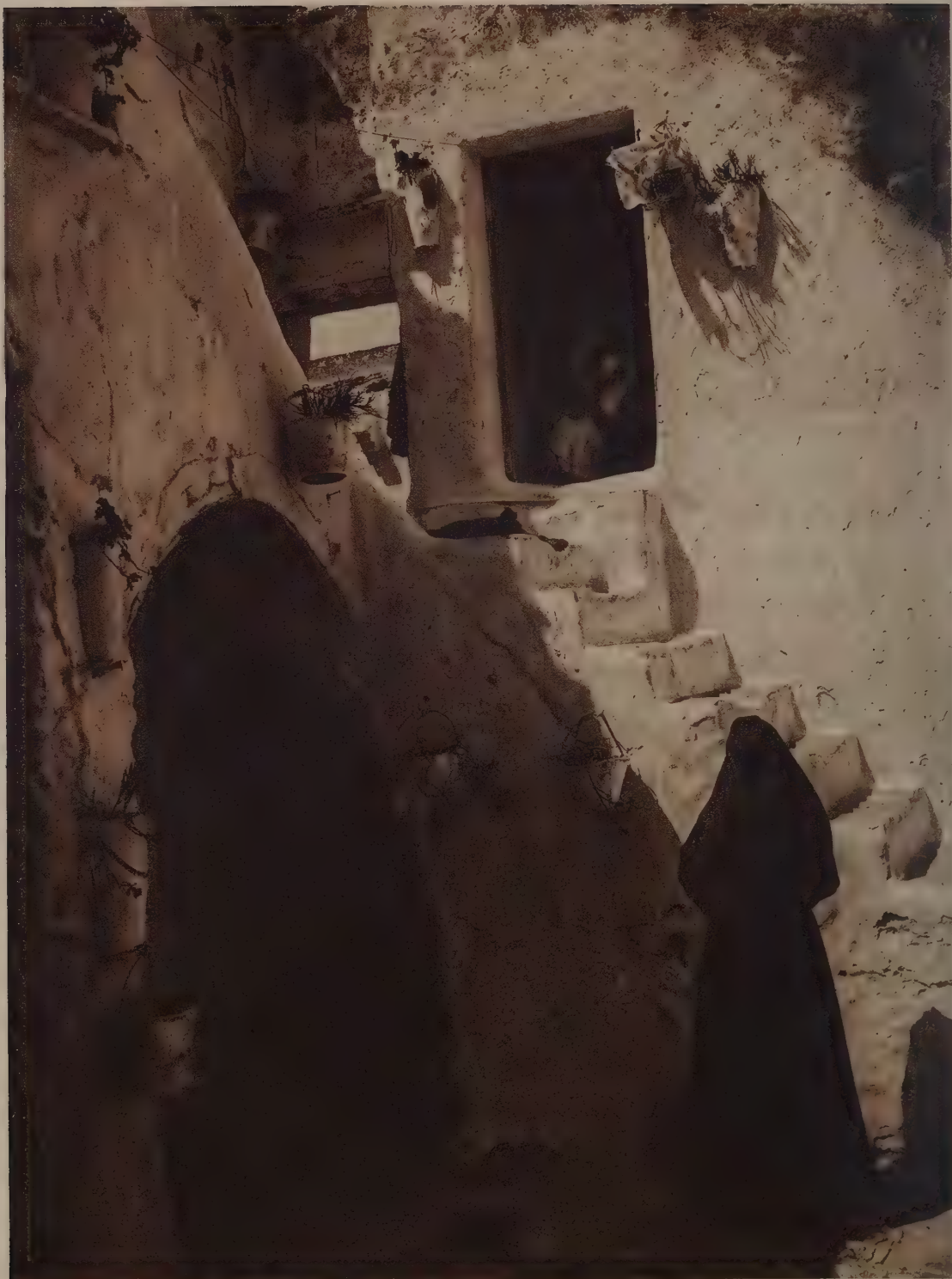
Ostería (Estremadura meridionale)

Venta (en el sur de Estremadura)

Inn (South Estremadura)

Une buvette dans l'Estremadura méridionale





Eine der noch heut maurisch verschleiert  
gehenden Christenfrauen in Mochagar-Vejer

Una donna cristiana che  
va ancor oggi velata  
all'uso marocchino

Moorish women of Christian persuasion who  
still wear the veil in Mochagar-Vejer  
Mujer en Mochagar-Vejer llevando la  
cara tapada como las marroquinas

Une des femmes chrétiennes qui vont  
encore voilées aujourd'hui comme au  
temps des Maures d'Espagne



Mochagar





Höhlenfels (Prov. Almería) Alle in diesem Werk wiedergegebenen Höhlen sind nicht vorgeschichtlich: sie werden noch jetzt gegraben und bewohnt

Cuevas en las rocas, (Prov. de Almería)

Cave-ne nella roccia (Provincia d'Almería)  
Tutte le caverne riprodotte in quest'opera non sono di formazione preistorica, ma si continua a scavarle anche al giorno d'oggi

Cave Dwellings (Province of Almería)  
None of the caves shown in this book are prehistoric. They are still excavated and inhabited

Cavernes dans le roc, (Province d'Almería)  
Toutes ces cavernes ne sont pas des formations préhistoriques; on en creuse maintenant encore pour les habiter





Höhlenfels (Prov. Almería)

Cuevas en las rocas (Prov. de Almería)

Cavernes dans le roc (Province d'Almería)

Cave Dwellings (Province of Almería)

Caverne nella roccia (Provincia d'Almería)





Höhlenfels (Prov. Almería)                      Cave Dwellings (Province of Almería)  
 Cuevas en las rocas (Prov. de Almería)  
 Caverne nella roccia (Provincia d'Almería)                      Cavernes dans le roc (Province d'Almería)



Höhlenfels (Prov. Almería)

Cuevas en las rocas (Prov. de Almería)

Caverne nella roccia (Provincia d'Almería)

Cave Dwellings (Province of Almería)

Cavernes dans le roc (Province d'Almería)





Höhlenstadt (Sierra de Guadix) Aus der Erde ragen die Schornsteine der Wohnhäuser hervor

Problación de cuevas (Sierra de Guadix) Se ven las chimeneas de las cuevas, saliendo de tierra

Una città di caverne (Sierra de Guadix) Si vedono sorgere dal suolo i camini delle caverne

Cave Town (Sierra de Guadix) The chimneys of the dwellings are seen projecting out of the rocks

Une ville souterraine (Sierra de Guadix) On ne voit surgir de terre que les cheminées des habitations



Höhlenstadt (Sierra de Guadix)

(Sierra de Guadix) CITA di caverna

Población de Cuevas (Sierra de Guadix)

Habitacions souterraines (Sierra de Guadix)

Cave Town (Sierra de Guadix)





Cave Town (Sierra de Guadix)

Habitacions soterrànies (Sierra de Guadix)

Población de Cuevas (Sierra de Guadix)

Höhlenstadt (Sierra de Guadix)

Città di Caverne (Sierra de Guadix)



Höhlenstadt (Sierra de Guadix)

Città di Caverne (Sierra de Guadix)

Población de Cuevas (Sierra de Guadix)

Cave Town (Sierra de Guadix)  
Habitations souterraines (Sierra de Guadix)





Guadix



im Palmenwald von Elche

il palmizio di Elche

as palmeras de Elche

in the Palm Forest of Elche

Elche : au milieu des palmiers





Im Palmenwald von Elche (Im Baum-  
wipfel ein Dattelpflücker)

Nel palmizio di Elche (Sulla palma  
un uomo che coglie datteri)

Las palmeras de Elche

In the Palm Forest of Elche (A date-  
picker in the tree-top)

Elche : la récolte des dattes. (L'homme  
grimpé au sommet du palmier en dé-  
tachera les régimes de fruits)



Elche

Abend im Palmenhain

Evening in the Palm Forest

Cafa la tarde

Il tramonto nel palmizio

Effet de soir





Orihuela



Orihuela





Huerta Hut

Barraque de la Huerta

Orihuea

Barraca de la huerta

Capanna

Huertahutte



Near Orihuela

Environs d'Orihuela

Cercanías de Orihuela

Presso Orihuela

Bei Orihuela





Javea (Denia)

Kalvarienbergkirchlein

La chiesetta del Calvario

glesia del calvario

Church of Calvary

L'église du calvaire



Tor zum Kalvarienberg bei Sagunt

Puerta del calvario de Sagunto

La porta del Calvario presso  
Sagunto

Gateway to the Mount of Calvary, Sagunt

Environ de Sagoute : Accès et entrée  
du Calvaire





Sagunt, Römische Burg

Castello romano

Sagunto, Castillo romano

Sagunto, Roman Castle

La citadelle romaine





Burg

Castello

Jativa

Castillo

Le Château-fort

Castle





Jativa

Blick zur Burg

Veduta del Castello

Vista del Castillo

View of the Castle

Vue sur le Château-fort



Jativa

Am Kalvarienberg

Il Calvario

El Calvario

On Mount Calvary

Le Calvaire





# Valencia

Portal des Palastes des Marqués de  
Dos Aguas

Portada del Palacio del Marqués de Dos Aguas

Portale del Palazzo del Marchese de  
Dos Aguas

Gateway of the Marquis de Dos Aguas  
Palace

Portail du palais du marquis de  
Dos Aguas



Andújar

Fenstergitter

Grille

Una finestra con grata

Reja

Fenêtre grillée





Albuferahütten bei Valencia

Casas de Albufera, cerca de Valencia

Barracas de La Albufera cerca de Valencia

Environs de Valencia, Cabanes de l'Albufera

Huts on the banks of the Albufera near Valencia



Hueriahütten bei Valencia

Capanne di Huerta presso Valencia

Barracas de la Huerta de Valencia

Huerta Huts near Valencia

Maisons de paysans de la Huerta





Castillo Guadalest (Prov. Alicante)

Guadalest Castle (Prov. of Alicante)

Castello di Guadalest  
(Provincia di Alicante)

Castillo Guadalest (Prov. de Alicante)

Château de Guadalest  
(Province d'Alicante)



Monte Agudo (Prov. de Murcia)  
Mount Agudo (Prov. of Murcia)





Cuenca



Cuenca





Im Schmuck der Mantilla von Jerez

The Jerez mantilla

Con la mantilla jerezana

Mantiglia Jerezana

Sous la mantille (Femme de Jerez)



Im Schmuck der Spitzenmantilla  
(als Hintergrund die Manton)

Mantiglia a merletti

Con la mantilla

With the mantilla

En mantille de dentelle





Argentinita, Spaniens berühmteste Tänzerin  
im Schmuck der Manton (Schultertuch)

La Argentinita

Argentinita, la più celebre ballerina della  
Spagna, con sulle spalle il caratteristico  
Manton spagnolo

La Argentinita, Spain's most celebrated  
dancer wearing the Manton (shawl)

La Argentinita la plus célèbre danseuse  
de l'Espagne avec la mante espagnole  
sur les épaules



Entrance of the bull-fighters into the  
Madrid Arena

Entrée du cortège dans l'arène avant  
la corrida (Madrid)

El despejo en la plaza de toros de Madrid

Einzug der Stierkämpfer in die Arena  
von Madrid

Ingresso dei toradori nell'Arena di Madrid





Madrid

Thronsaal des Königlichen Schlosses

The Throne-Room in the Royal Castle

Sala del Trono en el Palacio Real

La Sala del Trono nel Palazzo Reale

La salle du trône au Château royal





Im Königlichen Schloß El Pardo bei Madrid  
 En el Pardo  
 Nel Palazzo Reale El Pardo, presso Madrid

In the Royal Castle El Pardo near Madrid  
 Une salle du château royal d'el  
 Pardo près de Madrid





Madrid



Escorial





Escorial



Escorial

Evangelistenhof

Patio de los Evangelistas

Court of the Evangelists

La corte degli evangelisti

Cour des evangelistes





Thronsaa

Escoria

Throne-Room

La Sala del Trono

Sala del Trono

La salle du trône



Die Bibliothek

La Biblioteca

Escorial

La biblioteca

The Library

La Bibliothèque





Im Palast des Escorial: an den Wänden  
Gobelins nach Goyaschen Gemälden  
Nel Palazzo dell' Escorial. Alle  
pareti tappeti Gobelins con  
disegni delle Goyasche

Palacio del Escorial

In the Escorial Palace: on the walls tapes-  
ries after Goya's paintings  
Le Château de l'Escorial. Tapisseries  
des Gobelins d'après des peintures



Philip II. Study

Cabinet de travail de Philippe II

## Escorial

Despacho de Felipe II

Arbeitszimmer Philips II

Gabinetto da lavoro di Filippo II





Aranjuez — Casa de Labrador

Platinisaal

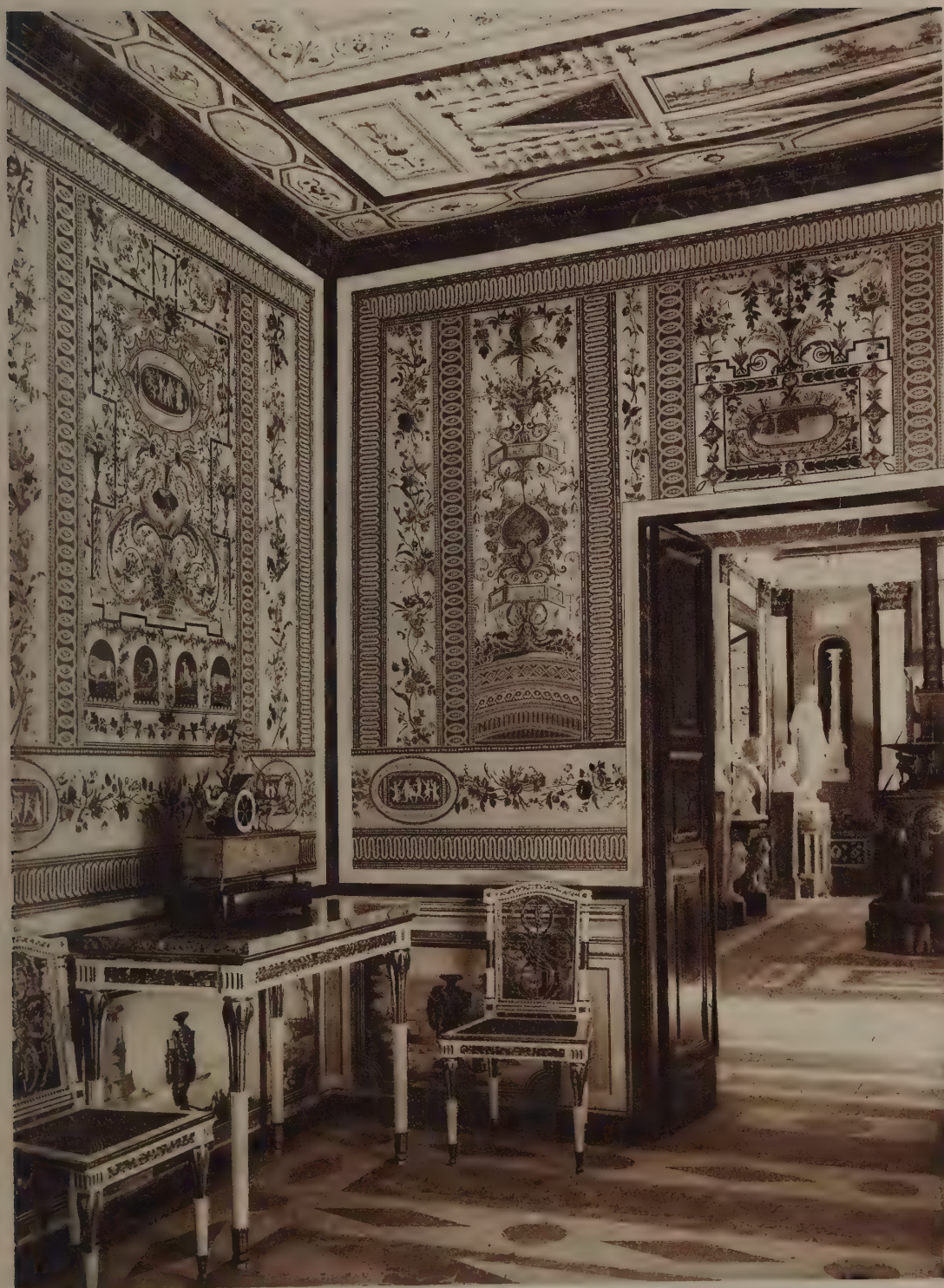
The Platinum Hall

Sala de Platino

Casa de Labrador. Sala del platino

Maison de Labrador La salle de platine





Araniuez

In der Casa de Labrador

Nella Casa de Labrador

in la Casa de Labrador

In the Casa de Labrador

Intérieur de la maison de Labrador





# Aranjuez

Schloßgarten

The Palace Garden

Giardino del Palazzo

Jardin del Palacio

Le jardin du palais



Toledo





# Toledo

Tajotai und San Martinbrücke

Valle del Tajo y puente de S. Martin

Tajo Valley and St. Martin Bridge

La valle del Tajo del ponte di S. Martino

La vallée du Tage et le pont St. Martin



# Toledo

Alcantara-Brücke und Castillo S. Servando

Puente Alcantara y Castillo S. Servando

Alcantara Bridge and St. Servando Castle

Pont d'Alcantara, et Château de St. Servando

Brücke Alcantara u. Castillo d. S. Servando





# Toledo

Alcantarabrücke, überragt vom Alcazar

Alcantara Bridge with the Alcazar in the background

Puente Alcantara en el fondo el Alcazar

Il Ponte Alcantara e in alto, in fondo, Alcazar

Le Pont d'Alcantara, dominé par l'Alcazar



Toledo

Blick durch das Brückentor der  
Alcantarabrücke

Vista tomada desde la puerta del puente Alcantara

veduta del Ponte d'Alcantare dal Portone  
del Ponte stesso

View through the gateway of the  
Alcantara Bridge

Vue de la porte d'entrée du pont  
d'Alcantara





# Toledo

Treppe des Hospitals Sta. Cruz

Scala dell'ospedale di Santa Cruz

Escalera del hospital de Sta. Cruz

Staircase in St. Cruz Hospital

Escaller de l'hôpital Santa-Cruz



Toledo

Im Hof des Grecohauses

En el patio de la Casa del Greco

Cortile della Casa del Greco

In the court of the Casa Greco

Cour de la maison du Grec





Toledo

S. Juan de los reyes, Kreuzgang

Claustro de S Juan de los reyes

Cloister of St. Juan de los reyes

Loggiato del Chiostro di S. Juan  
de los reyes

Cloître de St. Jean de los reyes



Toledo

Turm der Kathedrale

Torre de la Catedral

Cathedral Spire

Il campanile della Cattedrale

Tour de la Cathédrale





Toledo



Ochsenkarren

Carro tirato da buoi

Carro de hueyes

Chariot attelé de boeufs

Ox cart





Tracht von Lagartera (Prov. Toledo)      Lagartera Costume (Prov. of Toledo)  
 Traje de Lagartera (Prov. de Toledo)  
 Costume di Lagartera      Jeune femme de Lagartera  
 (Prov. di Toledo)      (Province de Tolède)



Hochzeitstracht von Lagartera (Prov. Toledo)

Traje de boda de Lagartera (Prov. de Toledo)

Veste nuziale di Lagartera  
(Prov. di Toledo)

Lagartera Wedding Dress (Prov. of Toledo)

Une noce à Lagartera  
(Province de Tolède)  
Les maries





Waldkapelle

Cappella silvestre

Capilla en el bosque

Forest Chapel

Calvaire et chapelle champêtre





Ruinen des Kreuzganges im Kloster Yuste

Ruínas do Claustro de Yuste

Rovine nel Chiostro di Yuste

Ruins of the Cloister in Yuste Convent

Ruínas do monastério de Yuste





Aldeanueva de la Vera





In the village-square of Cepeda before  
the bull-fight

Avant le combat de taureaux sur la  
place de Cepeda

Vor dem Stierkampf auf dem Dorf-  
platz von Cepeda

Prima della Corrida di tori nella piazza  
del villaggio di Cepeda





Segovianischer Hirt  
Pastore segoviano

Pastor segoviano

Segovianian shepherd  
Un berger ségovien

Segovia







Segovia

Kathedrale

La Cattedrale

La Catedral

The Cathedral

La Cathédrale



The Roman Aqueduct

L'aqueduc romain

Segovia

El acueducto romano

Accuedotti romani

Römischer Aquädukt





Segovianischer Bauer, Im Hintergrund  
der Alcázar von Segovia

Aldeano segoviano, en el fondo el Alcázar de Segovia

Contadino segoviano, e, in fondo,  
l'Alcazar di Segovia

Segovianian peasant, In the back-  
ground the Segovia Alcázar

Un paysan ségovien, A l'arrière-plan  
Alcazar de Ségovia



Segovia-Alcázar





Segovia, Casa de los Picos



Segovia





Kalvarienberg bei Segovia

Il Calvario di Segovia

Calvario de Segovia

Le Calvaire de Ségovie

Mount of Calvary near Segovia



„Mein Gott, wie einsam bleiben doch  
die Toten“ (Becquer)  
„Dio mio, in che abbandono riposano  
i morti!“ (Becquer)

„Dios mío, que solos se quedan  
los muertos.“ (Becquer)

„My God, how lonely are the dead“  
(Becquer)  
„Mon Dieu, combien est grande la solitude  
des morts!“ (Becquer)





Avila



The Town Wall

Les murailles de la ville

Avila

La murella

La mura della città

Stadtmauer





Avila

Stadttor S. Vicente

La porta di S. Vicente

Puerta de S. Vicente

St. Vicent Gate

La Porte Saint-Vicent



# Avila

Apsis der Kathedrale als stärkster Verteidigungsturm der Stadtmauer mit Wehrgang und Pechnasen

Apside de la Catedral como torre mas fuerte de defensa con circunvalación

L'Abside della Cattedrale serve di potente torre di difesa, munita di cammino di ronda

The Cathedral apse. The strongest fortified tower of the town with sheltered passages an machicolations

Abside de la cathédrale servant de principale tour de défense, avec chemin de ronde et mâchicoulis





Turrégano, Castillo



Turrégano, Castillo





Sepúlveda



Sepúlveda





Sterkampfelel auf dem Marktplatz  
von Sepúlveda

Giocchi di corrida nella piazza del  
Mercato di Sepúlveda

Becerrada en la plaza mayor de Sepúlveda

Bull-fight in the market-place of  
Sepúlveda

Combat de taureaux sur la place  
du marché, à Sepúlveda

Sterkampf auf dem Marktplatz von Sepúlveda (Der Sterkämpfer im Begriff, den Todesstoß zu tun)

Corrida nella Piazza del Mercato di Sepúlveda. (Il Toreador nell'atto di vibrare il colpo mortale)

Novillada en la plaza mayor de Sepúlveda

Bull-fight in the market-place of Sepúlveda  
(The matador is about to give the final thrust)

Combat de taureaux sur la place du marché, à Sepúlveda (Le matador va porter le coup de mort à l'animal)







Marktplatz

La Piazza del Mercato

Medinaceli

Plaza mayor

La place du marché

The Market



Medinaceli: Capilla Humilladero





Guadalajara

Palast del Infantado

Palace of the Infantado

Palazzo dell'Infantado

Palacio del Infantado

Palais de l'infante



Guadalajara-Palacio del Infantado

Eintrittshalle und Blick in den Hof

Entrada y vista del patio

Ingresso e veduta della corte

Entrance-Hall and view of the Court

Vestibule d'entrée et vue dans la cour





Guadalajara

Im Hof des Palastes del Infantado

In the court of the Palace of the Infante

En el patio del palacio del Infantado

Nella corte del palazzo dell' Infantado

Cour du palais de l'infante



# Guadalajara

Im Hof des Palastes del Infantado

In the court of the Palace of the Infantedo

En el patio del palacio del Infantado

Nella corte del palazzo dell' Infantado

Cour du palais de l'infante





Castillo Peñafiel



Castillo Mombeltran





Castillo Coca



Castillo Coca





Castillo Coca

Eingangstor und Wartturm

Porta d'ingresso e torre

Puerta y torre del homenaje

Gate and Watch Tower

Porte d'entrée et donjon



Coca

Altes Stadttor

Puerta antigua de la ciudad

Vecchia porta della città

Old Town Gate

Ancienne porte de la ville





Burgtor

Porta del Castello

Sigüenza

Puerta del castillo

Castle Gate

Porte du vieux château-fort



Great Square

La grande place

Sigüenza

Plaza mayor

Plazza principale

Hauptplatz





Sigüenza



Jérica





Albarracín



Albarracín





Albarracín





Dargoca





Stadttor

Porta della città

Puerta de la ciudad

porte de la ville

City Gate



Daroca





Tarragona

Tor der Santa Tecla

Puerta de Sta. Tecla

St. Tecla Gate

Porta di Santa Tecla

Porte de Sainte Tecla



Tarragona

Kreuzgang der Kathedrale

Navata della Cattedrale

Claustro de la Catedral

Cathedral Cloisters

Cloître de la cathédrale





Barcelona

Treppe im Hof des Hauses Damases

Escalera en el patio de la casa de Damases

Scala nel cortile del Palazzo Damases

Stairway in the Court of the Damases House

Escalier dans la cour de la maison Damases



Der Montserrat, im Vordergrund Monistrol

El Montserrat. En primer termino Monistrol

Il Montserrat. Sul davanti Monistrol

The Montserrat. Monistrol at the foot

Le Montserrat, avec Monistrol au premier plan





Gerona



# Gerona

Treppe von S. Domingo

Escalera de Sto. Domingo

Steps of St. Domingo

Escaller de Saint Domingue

La scala di S. Domingo





Castellfollit (Cataluña)

Der Ort ist auf Säulenbasalt erbaut

The town is built on basalt columns

El pueblo se levanta sobre columnas de basalto

Il Paese è stato costruito su  
colonne di basalto

La petite ville est bâtie sur des  
rochers de basalte



Pyrenäen, im Segretal  
Valle del Segre

Pirineos. Valle del Segre

Pyrenees, Segre Valley

La vallée de la Sègre  
dans les Pyrénées





Pyrenäen, Weg nach Nuriá

Pirenei. Via di Nuriá

Pirineos, Camino de Nuriá

Pyrenees, Road to Nuriá

Les Pyrénées: Route de Nuriá



Pyrenäen, Engpaß de las Debotas (Rio Cinca)  
 Pirineos, Paso de las Debotas (Rio Cinca)  
 Pirenei, Passo de las Debotas (Rio Cinca)

Pyrenees, de las Debotas Gorge (Rio Cinca)  
 Les Pyrenées: Les gorges de las Debotas  
 (Rio Cinca)





Pyrenäen. In Castellbó

Pirenei. A Castellbó

Pirineos. En Castellbó

Pyrenees. Castellbó

Les Pyrenées: Castellbó



Pyrenäen. S. Juan de Plan

Pirneos. S. Juan de Plan

Pirenel. S. Juan de Plan

Pyrenees. St. Juan de Plan

Les Pyrenées: Saint-Jean de Plan





Pyrenäen-Alquezar

Pirenei-Alquezar

Pirineos-Alquezar

Les Pyrénées:Alquezar

Pyrenees-Alquezar



Alquezar





Alquezar



Pyrenees. In Bielsa

Les Pyrenées Bielsa

Pyrenees. En Bielsa

Pyrenees. In Bielsa

Pyrenees. In Bielsa





Pirineos, Peña Montañesa



Pyrenäen Pic du midi

Firenei Picco del Mezzogiorno

Pirineos Pico del Mediodia

Pyrenees, Pic du midi

Les Pyrenées: Le pic du midi





Pyrenæen. Brachimañasee bei Panticosa

Pirenei. Lago di Brachimaña  
presso Panticosa

Pyrenees. Sea of Brachimaña, near Panticosa

Lago de Brachimaña cerca de Panticosa

Les Pyrénées: Le lac de Brachimaña  
près de Panticosa



# El Aneto

Der höchste Gipfel der Pyrenäen (3404 m)  
Im Vordergrund eine Gletscherspalte

El pico mas alto de los Pirineos (3404 m) En  
el primer termino un barranco de hielo

La più alta vetta dei Pirenei (3404 m)  
Sul davanti la fenditura di un  
ghiacciaio

The highest summit of the Pyrenees (3404 m)  
In the foreground a crevasse

Le plus haut sommet des Pyrénées  
(3404 mètres) au premier plan une  
crevasse dans le glacier





Pyrenäen Blick vom Pic de Aneto

Pirenei. Veduta dei monti dal Picco de Aneto

Pirineos. Vista tomada desde el Pico de Aneto

Pyrenees. View from the Pic de Aneto

Les Pyrénées. Vue prise du pic d'Aneto



Pyrenäen. Der Maladeta vom Pic  
de Aneto aus gesehen

Pirenei La Maledetta, vista dal Picco de Aneto

Pirineos. El Maladeta visto desde el Pico de Aneto

Pyrenées. The Maladeta seen from the  
Pic de Aneto

Les Pyrenées: La Maladetta, vue du pic d'Aneto





Zaragoza, Kathedrale El Pilar

Saragurza La Cattedrale Et Pilar

Zaragoza, El Pilar

Saragossa, El Pilar Cathedral

Nôtre-Dame del Pilar (Cathédrale)



Saragossa, El Pilar

Saragossa: Effet de crépuscule  
et Notre-Dame del Pilar

Zaragoza, El Pilar

Saragozza El Pilar

Zaragoza E. Pilar





Aragonese, aus dem Weinschlauch trinkend

Aragones, bebiendo de la bota

Tipo d'Aragonese in atto di bere

Aragonese drinking from a wine skin

Un Aragonais se désaltère en  
buvant à même au tuyau de  
conduite du vin



Tarazona





Felsformationen von Autol

Formazione di rocce ad Autol

Formaciones en las rocas de Autol

Rock formations of Autol

Le tunnel de la route, à Autol



Felsformationen von Autol

Formaciones en las rocas de Autol

Rock formations of Autol

Formazione di rocce ad Autol

Elzarras formations rocheuses





Burgo de Osma



Almazán





Soria, S. Juan de Duero-Altar



S. Esteban de Gormaz

Kirchgang

Going to church

Alla Chiesa

Camino de la iglesia

La montée de l'église





Felsformation von S. Esteban de Gormáz

Rock formation of St. Esteban de Gormáz

Formación en las rocas de S. Esteban de Gormáz

St. Esteban de Gormáz: Le Rocher



Pancorbo





Pancorbo





Pancorbo





Burgos

Kathedrale

The Cathedral

La Cattedrale

La Catedral

La Cathédrale



Burgos

Inneres der Kathedrale  
interno della Cattedrale

Interior de la Catedral

Interior of the Cathedral  
Intérieur de la cathédrale





Burgos, Cartuja Miraflores

Hochaltar der Kirche

L'Altar Maggiore della  
Cattedrale

Retablo

High-Altar of the Church

Le maître autel de l'église  
des dominicains





Burgos, Cartuja Miraflores

Grabmal des Infanten Alfonso

Il sepolcro dell'Infante Alfonso

Sepulcro del Infante Alfonso

Sepulchre of the Infante Alfonso

L'ombreau de l'Infant Alphonse  
dans l'église des dominicains





Burgos

Im Garten der Cartuja Miraflores

En el jardín de la Cartuja Miraflores

In the Garden of the Cartuja Miraflores

Nel giardino de la Cartuja Miraflores

Le jardin du convent des dominicains



Einsame Kapelle

Cappella solitaria

Capilla solitaria

Une chapelle solitaire

Lonely Chape





# Arranda de Duero

Portal der Kirche Santa Maria

Portada de la Iglesia Sta. Maria

Doors of St. Maria

Ingresso della Chiesa di S. Maria

Portail de l'église Sainte-Marie





# Valladolid

Fassade der Kirche S. Pablo  
(Im plateresken Stil)

Facade of St. Pablo (plateresque style)

Fachada de S. Pablo (estilo plateresco)

Facciata della Chiesa di S. Pablo  
(Stile plateresco)

Façade de l'église Saint-Pablo  
(style en relief)





Valladolid

Hof von S. Gregorio

Court of St. Gregorio

Il Cortile di S. Gregorio

Patio de S. Gregorio

Cour de Saint-Grégoire



Valladolid

Galerie von S. Gregorio

La Galleria di S. Gregorio

Galeria de S. Gregorio

Gallery of St. Gregorio

Galérie de Saint-Grégoire





# Toro

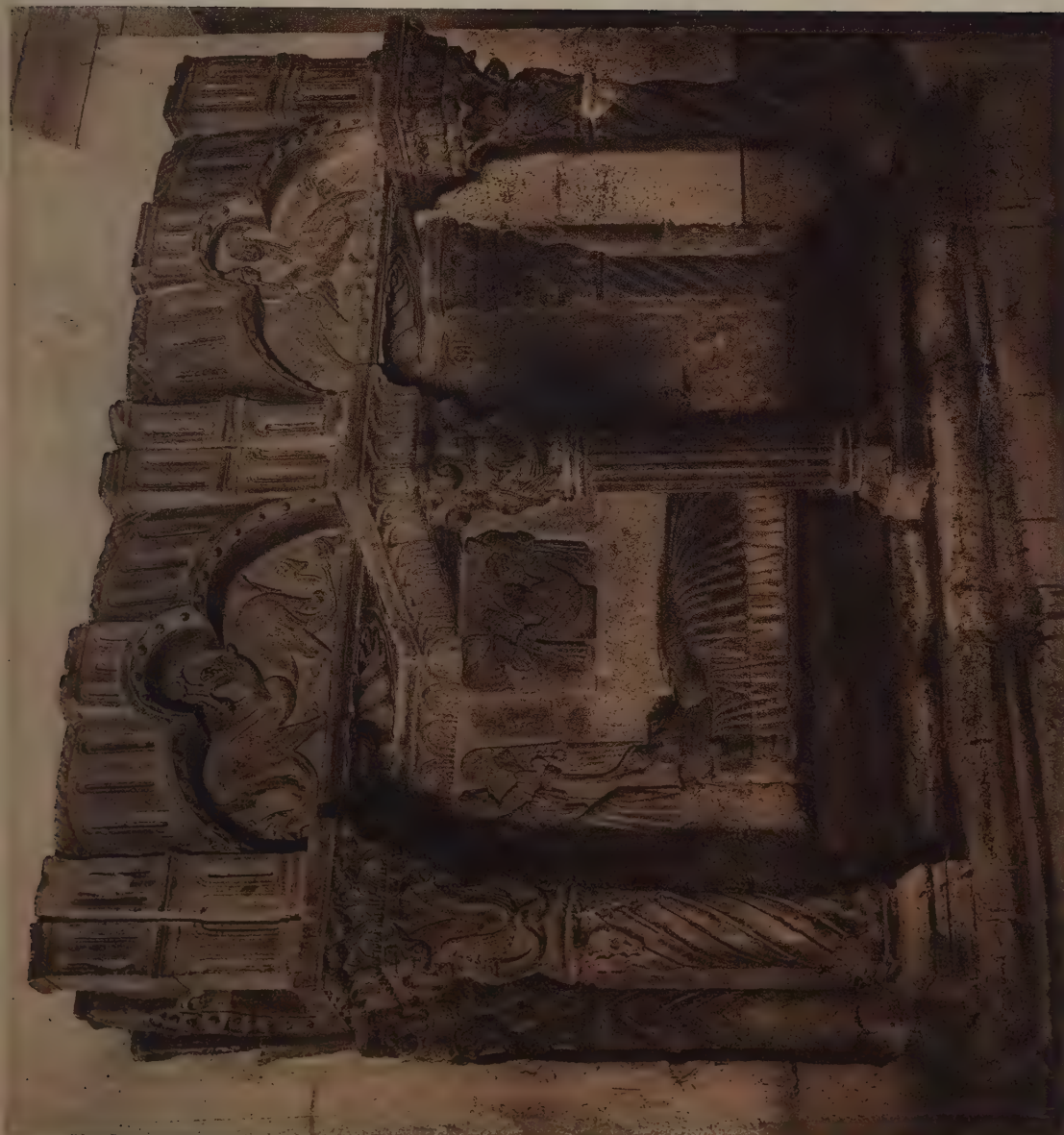
Kathedral-Portal der Carmenkapelle  
(ehemals Eingangstor der Kathedrale)

The Cathedral-Doorway of the Carmen  
Chapel (Former entrance of the Cathedral)

Catedral-Portada de la Capilla del Carmen  
(antigua entrada de la catedral)

La Cattedrale. Ingresso alla Cappella  
del Carmine (Antico ingresso alla  
Cattedrale)

La cathédrale: portail de la Chapelle des  
Carmes (ancienne porte d'entrée de la  
Cathédrale)



# Zamora

Grabmal des Prinzen D. Juan Vázquez de  
Acuña in der Kirche Santa Magdalena

Sepulchre of Prince D. Juan Vázquez de  
Acuña in the church of Santa Magdalena

Sepulcro del príncipe D. Juan Vázquez de  
Acuña en la Iglesia Santa Magdalena

Sepolcro del Principe D. Juan Vázquez  
de Acuña nella Chiesa di Santa  
Magdalena

Eglise Sainte-Madeleine : Tombeau du  
prince D. Juan Vázquez d'Acuña





Salamanca

Kathedrale

La Cattedrale

La Catedral

La Cathédrale

The Cathedral



Salamanca

Portal der Universität

Portada de la Universidad

Doorway of the University

Portale dell'Università

Portall de l'Universit 





### Salamanca

Universität. Platereske Treppe (an der oberen Treppenwange Darstellung eines Ritterstierkampfes)

Universidad. La escalera (en el relieve superior una corrida de toros en la Edad Media)

Università. La scalinata. Nella parte superiore della Scala è raffigurata una corrida di tori

University. Staircase with alto-relievo (the reliefs on the upper part showing knights in a bull-fight)

L'Université. Escalier du style en relief (sur le limon supérieur est représenté un combat de taureaux au Moyen-âge)



Salamanca

Inneres Portal im Hof der Escuelas  
menores (niedere Schule)

Entrada y patio de las Escuelas menores  
(hospital del estudio)

Portale interno nel cortile della  
Scuola inferiore

Inner Doorway in the court of the  
Escuelas menores (lower school)

Portail intérieur dans la cour des  
Escuelas menores (écoles  
mineures)





Ciudad Rodrigo

Portal eines Palastes

Portada de un palacio

Door of palace

Ingresso d'un palazzo

Portail d'un palais



Candelario (Prov. Salamanca)





Tracht von La Alberca (Prov. Salamanca)

Traje de La Alberca (Prov. de Salamanca)

Costumi di La Alberca (Prov. di Salamanca)

Costumes in La Alberca (Prov. of Salamanca)

Une famille de paysans de la Alberca (Province de Salamanque)



Mautierltt .

Cavalcata sul mulo

Paseo en mula

En route sur la mule

A Mule-Ride





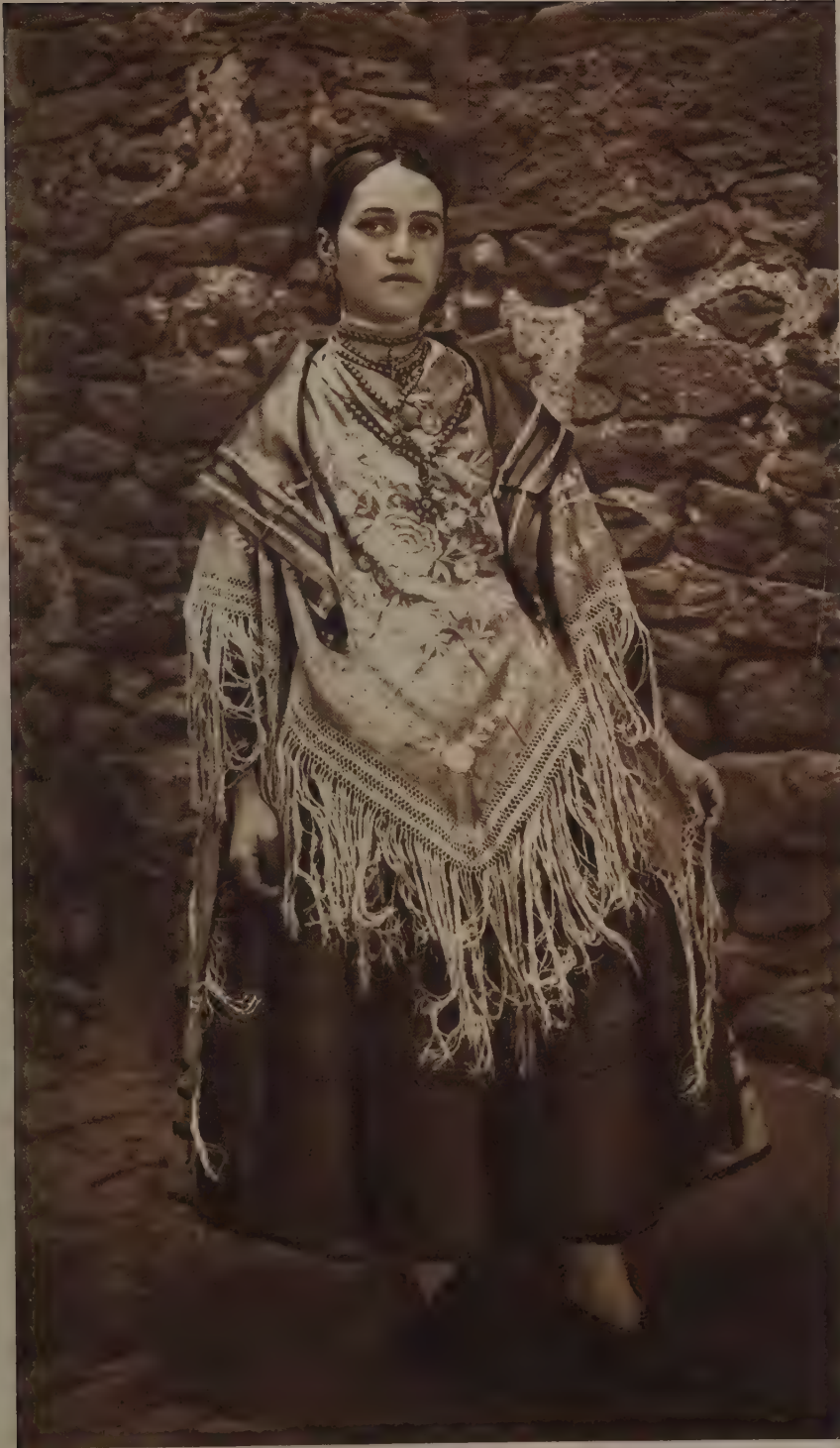
Festtracht von La Alberca (vielerlei  
Goldketten - alter Familienbesitz)

Traje festivo de La Alberca (las cade-  
nas de oro son una joya de familia)

Costume festivo a La Alberca. (Plu-  
sieurs chaînes d'or, héritage de famille)

Festal costume in La Alberca (four-strand  
gold chain-old family ornament)

Femme de la Alberca en costume de  
cérémonie (Les colliers en or à plusieurs  
rangées proviennent d'un très ancien  
héritage de famille)



Festracht von La Alberca

Giovinetta di La Alberca  
in costume festivo

Traje festivo de La Alberca

Festal costume in La Alberca

Femme de la Alberca  
en costume de fête





In Mogarraz (Prov. Salamanca)

En Mogarraz (Prov. de Salamanca)

In Mogarraz (Prov. of Salamanca)

A Mogarraz (Provincia di Salamanca)

A Mogarraz (Province de Salamanque)



Hurdesbewohner am Brunnen  
Hurdari alla fontana

Hurdanos en la fuente

Hurdanos at the well  
Hurdanos à la fontaine





Kloster Batuecas

Il Monastero di Las Batuecas

El Monasterio de Las Batuecas

The Monastery of Las Batuecas

Le Monastère de Las Batuecas





Porte des Klosters Batuecas

Doorway of the Monastery of Las Batuecas  
Portada del Monasterio de Las Batuecas

Ingresso del Monastero  
Las Batuecas

Porte d'entrée du monastère  
de Las Batuecas





In der Klosterschule

Nella scuola del Monastero

En la escuela del monasterio

In the monastery school

L'école au monastère



Waldespracht (Batuecas)

Nella foresta (Batuecas)

Encanto del bosque (Batuecas)

The beauty of the woods (Batuecas)

Dans la forêt (Batuecas)





Pfosten der Kapelle S. Miguel de Lino bei  
Oviedo (von Ramiro I. um 845 erbaut)

Door-post of the chapel of St Miguel de Lino  
near Oviedo (erected by Ramiro I. about 845)

Poste de la Capilla S. Miguel de Lino (Oviedo)  
(edificada por Ramiro I por los años de 845)

Pilastro della Cappella di S. Michele de Lino (Oviedo)  
(Costruito da Ramiro I. nell' anno 845)

Un pilier de la Chapelle de St. Michel de  
Lino (Oviedo) (bâtie par Ramiro I er en 845)



Innere der Kapelle Santa Maria de Naranco  
bei Oviedo (um 845 erbaut)

Interior de la Capilla Sta. Maria de Naranco  
(Oviedo) (edificada por los años de 845)

Interno della Cappella di Santa Maria de  
Naranco (Oviedo) (Costruita nell' anno 845)

Interior of the Chapel of St. Maria de Naranco  
near Oviedo (erected about 845)

Intérieur de la chapelle de Ste. Marie  
de Naranco (Oviedo) (bâtie en 845)





Engpaß von Hermida in den Picos de  
Europa (Asturien)

The Gorge of Hermida in the Picos de  
Europa (Asturia)

Desfiladero de Hermida en los Picos  
de Europa (Asturias)

Passo di Hermida nel Picos  
d' Europa (Asturie)

Défilé de Hermida à Los Picos  
de Europa (Asturies)



Im Sellatal (Picos de Europa)

Desfiladero de Sella (Pico de Europa)

Nelle valli del Sella (Pico d'Europa)

Gorge in the Sella Valley (Picos de Europa)

Gorge de la Sella (Picos de Europa)





Asturianische Brücke (Picos de Europa)

Asturian Bridge (Picos de Europa)

Puente asturiano (Picos de Europa)

Ponte asturiano (Pico d'Europa)

Un pont des Asturies (Picos de Europa)





Eukalyptusalée bei Ribadesella

Viale fiancheggiato di eucalitti a Ribadesella

Alameda de Eucallptos (Ribadesella)

Eucalyptus Avenue near Ribadesella

Allée d'eucalyptus près de Ribadesella





Potes (Pácos de Europa)





Potes





Potos (Picos de Europa)



Potes





Römische Brücke in Cangas de Onís (Asturien)

Puente romano a Canga de Onís (Asturie)

Roman bridge in Cangas de Onís (Asturie)

Pont Romain à Cangas de Onís (Asturies)



Segelschiffhafen von Santander  
Porto di velieri a Santander

Puerto de veleros de Santander

The Santander sailing-boat harbour  
Le port des voiliers à Santander





Ondárroa (Vizcaya)



Castillo Butrón (Vizcaya)





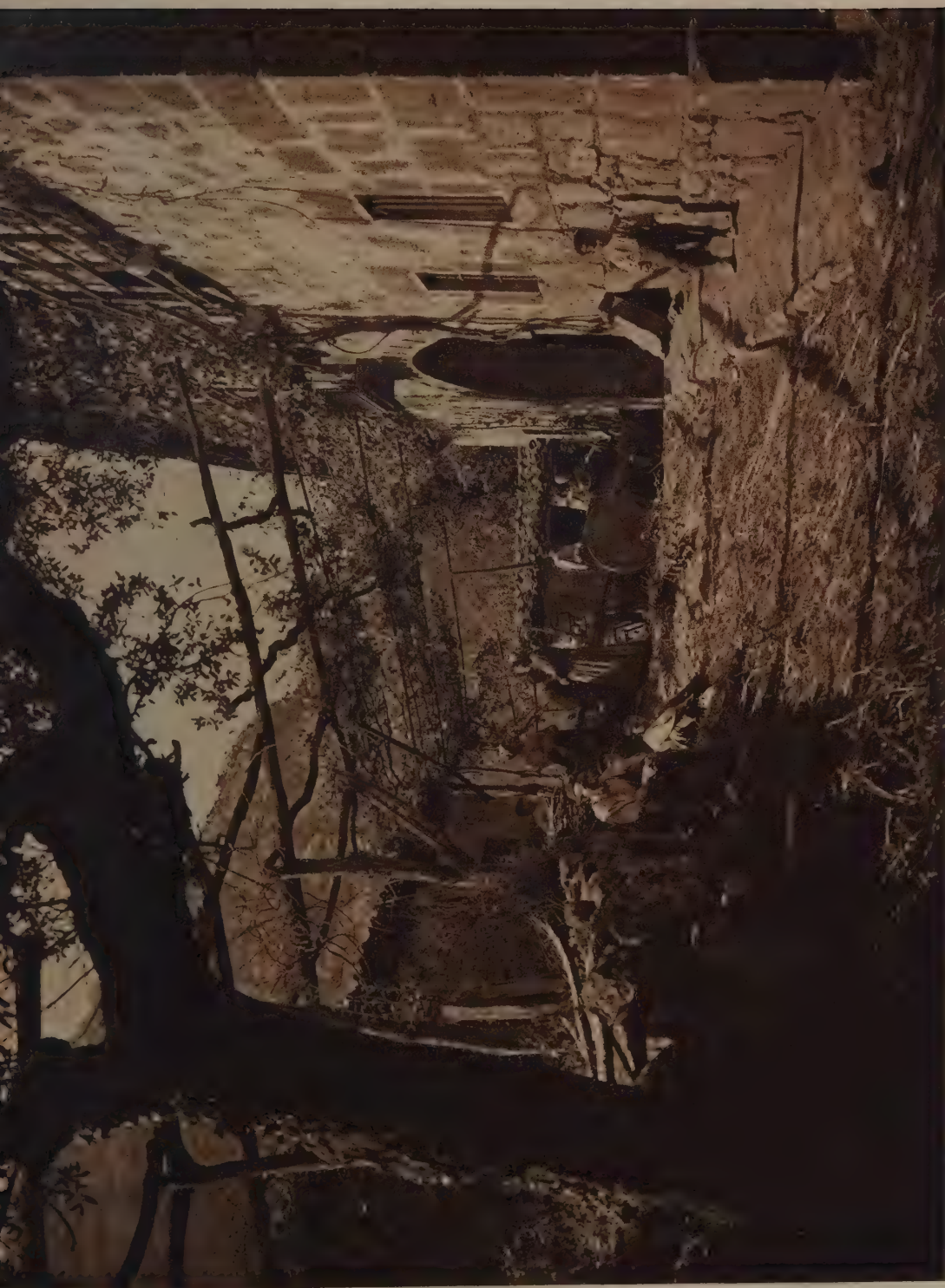
Baskisches Bauernhaus (Mañaria)

Casetta Basca (Mañaria)

Cesita vasca (Mañaria)

Basque Peasant's House (Mañaria)

Maison de paysan basque (Mañaria)



Basisches Bauernhaus bei Durango

Casetta di contadini baschi presso Durango

Casita vasca cerca de Durango

Maison de paysan basque aux environs de Durango

Basque Peasant's House near Durango





Baskische Mühle

Molini basco

Molino vasco

Un moulin basque

Basque Mill





Typical Basque cart

Une charrette basque, attelée de boeufs

Carro vasco típico

Typischer Baskenkarren

Carro basco con buoi





Vizcaya, Alter Grabstein in der Colegiata  
von Cenarruza

Vizcaya, Lápida sepulcral en la Colegiata de Cenarruza  
Antica lapide sepolcrale nella Colegiata  
de Cenarruza

Biscaya, Ancient gravestone in the Colegiata of  
Cenarruza

Pierre tombale à la Colegiata de  
Cenarruza (Biscaye)



Steinkreuz in Durango (Vizcaya)	Stone Crucifix in Durango (Biscaya)
Cruz de piedra de Durango (Vizcaya)	
Croce di pietra a Durango (Vizcaya)	Le Calvaire de Durango (Biscaye)





Friedhofsaufgang Mallona (Bilbao)

Entrance to the Mallona Cemetery (Bilbao)

Entrada del cementerio de Mallona (Bilbao)

Ingresso al cimitero di Mallona (Bilbao)

Entrée du cimetière de Mallona (Bilbao)



Steinkistenfriedhof bei Elorrio (Vizcaya)

Sépulchros de pedra cerca de Elorria (Vizcaya)  
Sépulcri di pietra cava pressc. Elorrio (Vizcaya)

Cemetery with stone sepulchres near Elorrio (Biscaya)

Sépulchres de pierre aux environs d'Elorria (Biscaya)





Vom Mont Ulla gesehen

Veduta della città dal Monte Ulla

San Sebastian

Visto desde el Monte Ulla

View from Monte Ulla

Vue prise du Mont Ulla



# San Sebastian

Vom Monte Igeldo gesehen

Veduta della città dal Monte Igeldo

Visto desde el Monte Igeldo.

View from Monte Igeldo

Vue prise du Mont Igeldo





Abendstimmung

Tramonto

San Sebastian

Al anochecer

Eventide

Effet de crépuscule à Saint-Sébastien



San Sebastian. Abend Im Hafen

Porto di San Sebastiano, Crepuscolo

Puerto de San Sebastian, Crepusculo

San Sebastian, Harbour, Evening

Le port de Saint-Sebastien  
Effet de crépuscule





Hafen

San Sebastiano. Il Porto

El puerto

San Sebastian

Le port de Saint Sébastien

The Harbour



Einfahrt in den Hafen von Pasages  
(Gulpuzcoa)

Stretto d'accesso al porto di Pasages  
(Gulpuzcoa)

Entrada del puerto de Pasages (Gulpuzcoa)

Entrance to the harbour of Pasages

Entrée du port de Pasages  
(Gulpuzcoa)





Pasages



Pasages





Pasages



Pasages





Sterkampf auf dem Marktplatz von Pasages  
Corrida sulla piazza del mercato di Pasages

Novillada en la plaza mayor de Pasages

Bull-fight in the Market-Place of Pasages  
Un combat de taureaux sur la grande place à Pasages



Knaben, Stierkampf spielend

Bambini che giocano alla Corrida

Muchachos jugando à los toros

Boys playing at bull-fighting

Un jeu d'enfant bien espagnol





Fuenterrabía

Hof im Palast Karls V.

Patio en el Palacio Carlos V.

Court in Charles V th's Palace

Cortile del Palazzo Carlo V.

Une cour du palais de Charles-Quint



Ruinen in Margariten

Margariten. Rovine

Ruinas entre flores

Ruins among the flowers

Ruines et fleurs





Santiago de Compostela

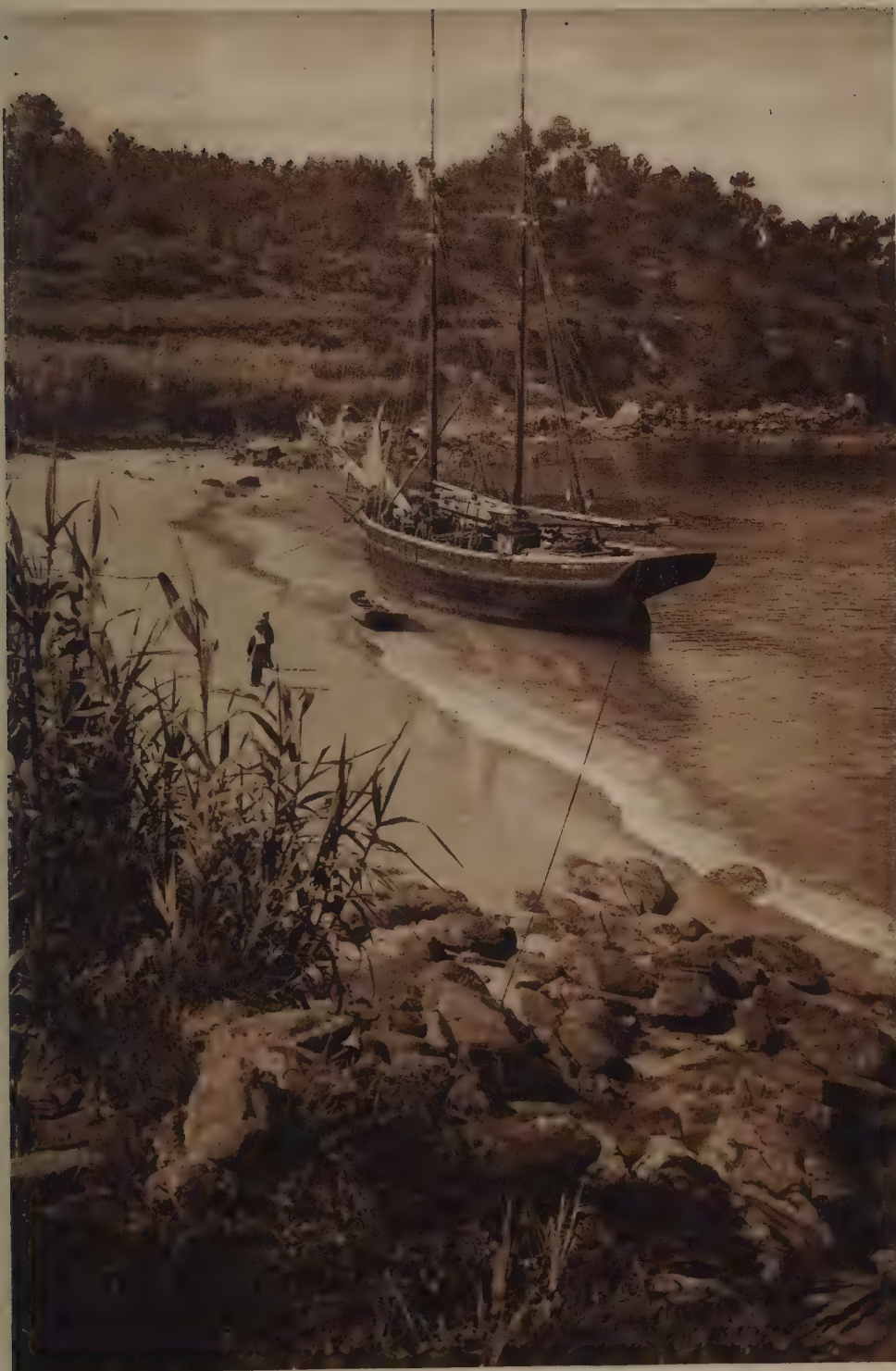
Kathedrale

La Cattedrale

La Catedral

La Cathédrale

The Cathedral



In der Bucht von Pontevedra (Galicien)

En la ría de Pontevedra (Galicia)

Nel seno di Pontevedra (Galizia)

In the Bay of Pontevedra (Galicia)

La baie de Pontevedra (Galice)





Spiel der Wellen

Giuoco delle onde

Juego de las olas

The waves at play

Echappée sur la mer



Hafen vor Vigo (Galicien)

Porto di Vigo (Galizia)

Puerto de Vigo (Galicia)

Le port de Vigo (Galice)

Vigo Harbour (Galicia)





Abendfeier auf dem Meere (Ausfahrt von Pasages)

Eventide at sea (Exit of Pasages)

Penumbra de la tarde en el mar (Salida de Pasages)

Tramonto sul mare (Uscita del porto di Pasages)

Effet de soir sur la mer à la sortie de Pasages.

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